

From the Examiner.

Wit and Humor, selected from the English Poets; with an Illustrative Essay, and Critical Comments. By LEIGH HUNT. Smith, Elder, and Co.*

"Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator, Hunt, thy best title yet is Indicator!"

So said Charles Lamb. His friend has since established a better right to the more sacred of these names, but still retains, and we hope rejoices in, Elia's favorite title. The delightful series of poetical extracts continued in this volume, will form, when completed, a colossal *Indicator*.

There is none of the race of critics, present or past, who selects with such unerring and delicate tact, or recommends his selections to the relish of others in such fitting home-going, easy, and elegant words. We know of no poetical criticism to compare with Mr. Hunt's, not simply for that quality of exquisite taste, but for its sense of continuity and sustained enjoyment.

Wit and Humor is the second volume of the series, of which *Imagination and Fancy* was the first, and *Action and Passion* is promised as the third. These titles would of themselves explain that the design extends beyond a collection of elegant and disconnected extracts, while it combines the best features of such collections. The two volumes already published are precisely the books one would wish to carry for companionship on a journey, or to have at hand when tired of work, or at a loss what to do for want of it. They are selections of the best things some of our best authors have said, accompanied with short but delicate expositions and enforcements of their beauties. With their prefatory notices of each poet, their critical notes on each quotation from him, and their italics indicating the selector's favorite lines—it is as though a friend took down volume after volume from our shelves; read aloud their choicest passages; marked, by the emphasis of his voice, what he liked the best; and interspersed his readings with brief, graceful, deep-felt comments on the author and his ideas. They are truly most genial, agreeable, social books.

The illustrative essay to this volume of *Wit and Humor* sets off in a happy mood, pervaded with the spirit of its subject. It reads as if the essence of all the good sayings of all the wits and humorists in whose writings the author had been revelling while culling his samples and simples, mixing with his own animal spirits and love for keeping up the ball of merriment, had broken forth in irresistible overflow of playful imagery. A good-natured jest at Dr. King the civilian, "one of the minor, or rather the mimic poets who have had the good luck to get into the collections," introduces the remark that "laughable fancies have at least as many ways of expressing themselves as those which are lachrymose; gravity tending to the fixed and monotonous, like the cat on the hearth, while levity has as many

tricks as the kitten;"—on which Mr. Hunt proceeds thus to speak, much to the purpose:

"I confess I felt this so strongly when I began to reflect on the present subject, and found myself so perplexed with the demand, that I was forced to reject plan after plan, and feared I should never be able to give any tolerable account of the matter. I experienced no such difficulty with the concentrating seriousness and sweet attraction of the subject of 'Imagination and Fancy;' but this laughing jade of a topic, with her endless whims and faces, and the legions of indefinable shapes that she brought about me, seemed to do nothing but scatter my faculties, or bear them off deridingly into pastime. I felt as if I was undergoing a Saint Anthony's Temptation reversed—a laughable instead of a frightful one. Thousands of merry devils poured in upon me from all sides—doubles of Similes, buffooneries of Burlesques, stalkings of Mock-heroes, stings in the tails of Epigrams, glances of Innuendos, dry looks of Ironies, corpulences of Exaggerations, ticklings of mad Fancies, claps on the back of Horse-plays, complacencies of *Unawarenesses*, flounderings of Absurdities, irresistibilities of Iterations, significancies of Jargons, wailings of Pretended Woes, roarings of Laughters, and hubbubs of Animal Spirits; all so general yet particular, so demanding distinct recognition, and yet so baffling, the attempt with their numbers and their confusion, that a thousand masquerades in one would have seemed to threaten less torment to the pen of a reporter."

This is followed up by the celebrated *catalogue raisonné* of the phenomena of Wit which occurs in Barrow's *Sermons*, (the local habitation of this exposition being itself an unconscious play of Humor;) and with brief allusion to the more prominent English writers on wit and humor. Mr. Hunt then sketches his own simple, non-metaphysical plan: "I resolved to confine myself to what was in some measure a new, and might at all events be not an undesirable or least satisfactory mode of discussion, namely, as thorough an account as I could give of the principal forms both of Wit and Humor, accompanied with examples." To his enumeration, however, he has prefixed some felicitous remarks on laughter, wit, and humor, which contain all the metaphysics of the matter with which his readers need to trouble themselves:

"We are so constituted that the mind is willingly put into any state of movement not actually painful; perhaps because we are then made potentially alive to our existence, and feel ourselves a match for the challenge. Hobbes refers all laughter to a sense of triumph and 'glory;' and upon the principle here expressed, his opinion seems to be justifiable; though I cannot think it entirely so on the scornful ground implied by him. His limitation of the cause of laughter looks like a saturnine self-sufficiency. There are numerous occasions, undoubtedly, when we laugh out of a contemptuous sense of superiority, or at least when we think we do so. But on occasions of pure mirth and fancy, we only feel superior to the pleasant defiance which is given to our wit and comprehension; we tri-

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umph, not insolently but congenially; not to any one's disadvantage, but simply to our own joy and reassurance. The reason, indeed, is partly physical as well as mental. In proportion to the vivacity of the surprise, a cheek is given to the breath, different in degree, but not in nature, from that which is occasioned by dashing against some pleasant friend round a corner. The breath recedes only to reissue with double force; and the happy convulsion which it undergoes in the process is Laughter."

Of wit as the cause of laughter, following up this train of thought, he says:

"Our surprise is the consequence of a sudden and agreeable perception of the incongruous;—sudden, because even when we laugh at the recollection of it, we undergo, in imagination, a return of the suddenness, or the liveliness of the first impression, (which is the reason why we say of a good thing that it is always 'new;') and agreeable, because the jar against us is not so violent as to hinder us from recurring to that habitual idea of fitness, or adjustment, by which the shock of the surprise is made easy. It is in these reconcilements of jars, these creations and readjustments of disparities, that the delightful faculty of the wit and humorist is made manifest. He at once rouses our minds to action; suggests, and saves us the trouble of a difficulty; and turns the help into a compliment, by implying our participation in the process. * * *

Wit may be defined to be the *Arbitrary juxtaposition of Dissimilar Ideas, for some lively purpose of Assimilation or Contrast, generally of both*. It is fancy in its most wilful, and strictly speaking, its least poetical state; that is to say, Wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes, in any light apart from their ordinary prosaical one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination."

Of humor:

"*Humor*, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quality of *moisture* in the bodily temperament; and is a *tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable*; at least in the opinion of society. It is therefore, either in reality or appearance, a thing inconsistent. It deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as Wit does in those of arbitrary ideas. The more the incongruities the better, provided they are all in nature; but two, at any rate, are as necessary to Humor, as the two ideas are to Wit; and the more strikingly they differ yet harmonize, the more amusing the result. Such is the melting together of the propensities to love and war in the person of exquisite Uncle Toby; of the gullible and the manly in Parson Adams; of the professional and the individual, or the accidental and the permanent, in the Canterbury Pilgrims; of the objectionable and the agreeable, the fat and the sharp-witted, in Falstaff; of honesty and knavery in Gil Blas; of pretension and non-performance in the Bullies of the dramatic poets; of folly and wisdom in Don Quixote; of shrewdness and doltishness in Sancho Panza; and it may be added, in the discordant yet harmonious coöperation of Don Quixote and his attendant, considered as a pair: for those two characters, by presenting themselves to the mind in combination, insensibly conspire to give us one compound idea of the whole abstract human being: divided indeed by its extreme contradictions of body and soul, but at the same time

made one and indivisible by community of error and the necessities of companionship."

Mr. Hunt accounts for the fact that wit and humor do not always excite laughter by pointing out that, when they do not, they will be found to be associated with other emotions or operations of the mind.

He then proceeds to hunt out wit and humor under those different forms and aliases of which they have as many as a Scapin or a Mathews. He begins with the simple simile and metaphor, proceeds to parody and to extravagance in general, and winds up with humors of mere temperament, moral or intellectual incongruities, and genial contradictions of the conventional. We can only afford space for a few brief specimens of the happy manner in which these themes are illustrated.

The third form of wit in Mr. Hunt's classification is:

"What may be called the *Poetical Process*, the *Leap to a Conclusion*, or the *Omission of Intermediate Particulars in order to bring the Two Ends of a Thought or Circumstance together*;—as in one of Addison's papers above mentioned, where he is speaking of a whole Book of Psalms that was minutely written in the face and hair of a portrait of Charles the First:—

"When I was last in Oxford, I perused one of the *whiskers*; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done," &c.—*Spectator*, No. 58.

"That is to say, he perused that portion of the book which was written in one of the whiskers; but the omission of this common-place, and the identification of the whisker itself with the thing read, strike the mind with a lively sense of truth abridged, in guise of a fiction and an impossibility."

Our next extract is characteristic both of the essayist and the essay. Mr. Hunt is too sincere a worshipper of pure and high imagination, to countenance any slight that even genuine wit can offer it. Hence his hearty protest against a joke which he heartily enjoys. He takes his laugh out, and then tells us it is too bad:

"But the most agreeable form of irony, especially when carried to any length, is that which betrays the absurdity it treats of (or what it considers such) by an air of *bonhomie* and good faith, as if the thing ridiculed were simplest matter of course, and not at all exposed by the pretensions with which it is artfully set on a level. It is that of Marot and La Fontaine; of Pulci, Berni, and Voltaire. In the elder of these Italians, and in the two oldest of the Frenchmen, it is best assumed, as far as regards simplicity; but in Berni and Voltaire it is most laughable, because by a certain excess and caricature of indifference it gives its cue to the reader, and so makes him a party to the joke, as rich comic actors do with their audiences. Such is Voltaire's exquisite banter on War, in which he says that a monarch picks up a parcel of men 'who have nothing to do, dresses them in coarse blue cloth at two shillings a yard, binds their hats with coarse white worsted, turns them to the right and left, and marches away with them to glory.'—*Dictionnaire Philosophique*. Art. *Guerre*.

"Thus, also, speaking of the *Song of Solomon*, (to the poetry of which, and the oriental warrant of its imagery, he was too much a Frenchman of that age to be alive, notwithstanding his genius,) he says of it, that it is not in the style of the Greeks and Romans; but then he adds, as if in its defence,

that Solomon was 'a Jew;' and 'a Jew is not obliged to write like Virgil.' ('Un Juif n'est pas obligé d'écrire comme Virgile.'—*Id. Art. Solomon.*)

"It is impossible to help laughing at this, however uncritical. Very lucky was it for the interests and varieties of poetry that the East was not obliged to write like the West; much less to copy a copyist. Voltaire was a better Christian than he took himself for, and the greatest wit that ever lived; but Solomon had more poetry in his little finger at least, of the imaginative sort—than the Frenchman in his whole mocking body."

In the good humor inspired by such writing as this, we would be anything but critical, or we might object to a want of zeal in speaking of some special favorites of ours among the English humorists, and an over zeal in speaking of others. All honor to Sterne in every shape, we say; he has probably not even yet arrived at the fulness of his fame; but, while we acknowledge the far-thoughted humanity of My Uncle Toby, shall we assert that Shakspeare was "no anticipator!" Shall we not rather say, that, wise and tender as Sterne's delightful creation is, he taught neither tolerance nor charity that should dull our remembrance of the self-vindication of *Shylock*, the jovial philosophy of *Sir Toby Belch*, or even the professional hints of the gaoler in *Cymbeline*. But with this protest, what we are about to quote is excellent:

"Sueele invented all the leading characters in the *Spectator*, all those in the *Tatler* and *Guardian*; and is in fact the great inventive humorist of those works, as well as its most pathetic story-teller; though Addison was the greater worker out of the characters, and far surpassed him in wit and style. One little trait related of Sir Roger on his first appearance—his talking all the way up stairs with the footman—contains the germ of the best things developed by Addison.

"As to Parson Adams, and his fist, and his good heart, and his *Æschylus* which he could n't see to read, and his rejoicing at being delivered from a ride in the carriage with Mr. Peter Pounce, whom he had erroneously complimented on the smallness of his parochial means, let everybody rejoice that there has been a man in the world called Henry Fielding to think of such a character, and thousands of good people sprinkled about that world to answer for the truth of it; for had there not been, what would have been its value? We are too apt to suspect ill of one another, from the doubt whether others are as honest as ourselves, and will not deceive us; forgetting, in common modesty, that if we ourselves are honest people, so must be thousands more.

"But what shall I say to thee, thou quintessence of the milk of human kindness, thou reconciler of war, (as far as it was once necessary to reconcile it,) thou returner to childhood during peace, thou lover of widows, thou master of the best of corporals, thou whistler at excommunications, thou high and only final Christian gentleman, thou pitier of the devil himself, divine Uncle Toby! Why, this I will say, made bold by thy example, and caring nothing for what anybody may think of it who does not in some measure partake of thy nature, that he who created thee was the wisest man since the days of Shakspeare; and that Shakspeare himself, mighty reflector of things as they were, but no anticipator, never arrived at a character like thine. No master of *bonhomie* was he. No such thing, alas! did he find in the parson at Stratford-upon-

Avon, or in the tap-rooms on his way to town, or in those of Eastcheap, or in the courts of Elizabeth and James, or even in the green-rooms of the Globe and Blackfriars, though he knew Decker himself, and probably had heard him speak of such a man as Signor Orlando Friscobaldo. Let him afford to lose the glory of this discovery; let Decker be enriched with it; and let Fielding and Sterne have the renown of finding the main treasure. As long as the character of Toby Shandy finds an echo in the heart of man, the heart of man is noble. It awaits the impress of all good things, and may prepare for as many surprises in the moral world, as science has brought about in the physical."

In the selections we find traces of an *embarras des richesses* of which Mr. Hunt complains in his preface. "One of the perplexities that beset the editor in his task was the superabundance of materials. They pressed upon him so much, and he overdid his selections so much in the first instance, that he was obliged to retrench two thirds of them." The omissions are obvious enough; and much to be regretted. Still, all that Mr. Hunt has given us is excellent and characteristic.

For a specimen of this portion of the book we take some of the immortal rhymes of Butler:

"O heaven!" quoth she, "can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your *individual whiskers*,
But by your dialect and *discourse*."

"A torn beard's like a batter'd ensign;
That's bravest which there are most rents in."

"Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows."

"—Wholesale critics, that in *coffee-*
Houses cry down all *philosophy*."

"—Antichristian *assemblies*
To mischief bent as far as in them lies."

"Bruis'd in *body*,
And conjured into safe *custody*."

"That proud dame
Used him so like a base *rascallion*,
That old *Pyg*—what d'ye call him—*maïon*,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one."

"It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful; till *antiquaries*,
After they'd almost por'd out *their eyes*,
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side."

"Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men; as Indians with a *female*
Tame elephant inveigle the male!"

"Doctor epidemic,
Stor'd with deleterious *med'cines*,
Which whosoever took is *dead since*."

"So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engaged his legions in *fierce bustles*
With *periwinkles*, *prawns*, and *mussels*,

And led his troops, *with furious gallops,*
To charge whole regiments of scallops."

"Madame, I do, as is my duty,
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tie."

"Conven'd at midnight in *outhouses,*
To appoint new rising rendezvouses."

"'Mong these there was a politician,
 With more heads than a beast in vision.—
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink."

With two examples more (from the remarks interspersed with the selections) of what we think very terse and pregnant criticism, we must close our extracts and this charming volume :

DRYDEN.

"Dryden's wit is less airy than masculine; less quick to move than eloquent when roused; less productive of pleasure and love than admiration and a sense of his mastery. His satire, if not so learned and universal as Butler's, is aimed more at the individual and his public standing, and therefore comes more home to us. The titled wits of the day, who affected alternately to patronize and to correct him, he generally submitted to with his natural modesty, and with the policy of a poor man; but when the humor or party necessity came upon him, he seized the unlucky individual, as Gulliver might have done a lord of Lilliput; and gripping him, and holding him up by the ribs, exposed his pretensions, limb by limb, to the spectator. Still it was rather in vindication of a power derided, or of a sense of justice provoked, than from an ungenerous desire to give pain. He could bestow commendation on the offender; and was always ready to break off into some enthusiastic strain of verse or reflection."

THE ARIELS OF SHAKESPEARE AND POPE.

"Pope's fairy region, compared with Shakespeare's, was what a drawing room is to the universe. To give, therefore, to the sprite of the *Rape of the Lock* the name of the spirit in the *Tempest* was a bold christening. Prospero's Ariel could have puffed him out like a taper. Or he would have snuffed him up as an essence by way of jest, and found him flat. But, tested by less potent senses, the sylph species is an exquisite creation. He is an abstract of the spirit of fine life; a suggester of fashions; an inspirer of airs; would be cut to pieces rather than see his will contradicted; takes his station with dignity on a picture-card; and is so nice an adjuster of claims, that he ranks hearts with necklaces. He trembles for a petticoat at the approach of a cup of chocolate. The punishments inflicted on him when disobedient have a like fitness. He is to be kept hovering over the fumes of the chocolate; to be transfixed with pins; clogged with pomatums, and wedged in the eyes of bodkins. Only (with submission) these punishments should have been made to endure for seasons, not 'ages.' A season is an age for a sylph. Does not a fine lady, when she dislikes it, call it 'an eternity?'"

We must not omit to add the substance of an announcement in the preface to the volume. Mr. Hunt tells us he is preparing a volume apart from the series, and on quite another plan; its object being to produce such a selection from favorite

authors, both in prose and verse, "as a lover of books, young or old, might like to find lying in the parlor, of some old country-house, or in the quietest room of any other house, and tending to an impartial, an unlimited, and yet entertaining and tranquillizing review of human existence." It is a book, he hopes, such as Mrs. Radcliffe would have liked in her childhood, Sir Roger de Coverly in his old age, or Gray and Thomson at any time. And all those interesting persons will have their part in it.

INTEGRITY REWARDED.—The Annals of the American War record the following story:—"A plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, during the revolutionary war, under such circumstances as proved, beyond all doubt, his purpose of joining the king's forces—an intention which he was too honest to deny; accordingly he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county gaol. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found little difficulty in escaping; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority, such as it was, and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months Jackson went out every day to labor, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense. His word was once more taken, and he set off alone, to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, which at that time was the supreme executive of the state. This gentleman asked him whither he was going? 'To Springfield, sir,' was his answer, 'to be tried for my life.' To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape, when, having been found guilty and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker; the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards' turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanor, and what had passed between them in the woods. For the honor of Massachusetts and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry legal remarks, which, like a blast in the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to hesitate, and when a member ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out."—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I met my uncle at dinner, I felt, and no doubt looked, as guilty as though I had been purloining part of the family plate. The encounter of his frozen gray eye thrilled through my frame. I fancied that my discovery of my poor cousin's infirmities must be written in my face.

Still greater was my torture, when Bob Haggerston, insensible to anything less *tranchant* than the stroke of a tomahawk, kept perpetually reverting to his name. Not satisfied with stating how enchanted I had expressed myself with the lake scenery of Ghyburn Mere, he related how he had described to me on the spot the incidents of a certain fishing party on the lake, at which Sir Ralph's family and his own were present; and where the gallantry of Cuthbert preserved from destruction the son of one of the boatmen, who having fallen overboard encumbered with a heavy fishing-net, would have risen no more, but for the intervention of my cousin. Nor, when describing how, for a Londoner, I had made proof of some activity in clambering up the ruinous watch-towers of Hallington Castle, did he choose to pass over in silence another of Cuthbert's feats; intent upon rescuing from destruction the carved stonework of an ancient chimney-piece, long seen suspended in a dangerous position from one of the upper stories, my cousin, he informed me, had, with the assistance of scaling-ladders, reached the dizzy spot and borne off the prize.

Having heard all this in detail only two hours before, it was as tiresome as painful to hear it recapitulated. But he seemed bent upon talking about Cuthbert.

My uncle, indeed, listened as though he heard not; preserving the same cold immobility of feature which was doubtless habitual. But old Bernard who, assisted by two livery-servants, waited at table, demonstrated by angry glances at the loquacious guest, a bitter sense of his indiscretion. But for the old man's zeal for the honor of the hospitalities of the house, I doubt, indeed, whether he would have filled Mr. Haggerston's glass as often as my own with the ripest old hock and most delicate hermitage I ever tasted. That he did so, however, only increased the mischief. Wine rendered the talkative man still more inconsiderate, nay, when the claret was placed on the table after dinner, and even Bernard quitted the room, Haggerston literally filled a bumper to Cuthbert's better health and speedy return to the hall! I drank it, of course; how could I do otherwise? But I think my uncle must have perceived my hand tremble with emotion as I raised the glass to my lips.

"And what do you mean to do with this young fellow, now you've got him here, my dear Sir Ralph?" demanded Haggerston, in a jocular voice, after he had swallowed his claret. And methought there were indications of new-born kindness in the old gentleman's physiognomy as he fixed his eyes upon my face.

Seeing him reluctant to reply, I ventured to answer for him.

"My uncle is kind enough to grant me, for the few remaining months of my minority," said I, "the shelter and countenance of which I stand so much in need; and my studies at the university having been stopped short by my father's death, and left incomplete by my own idleness, I am thankful for an opportunity for application, of which I

trust I shall so avail myself as to be no burden on the time of others. Believe me, I want no better entertainment for the summer, than the fine library I visited this morning."

By a glance at my uncle's face, I saw that he approvingly accepted a manifesto addressed only to himself. But Bob Haggerston was indignant.

"Study! *more* study!" cried he. "A fine likely young fellow of twenty-one mew himself up in a musty book-room from morning till night, while there is the lake to fish in, and the warren for shooting! Why, if you don't have a care, young man, you'll fall into hypochondriacism, like poor Cuthbert."

My uncle winced, but said nothing. Neither did I; which encouraged the savage to proceed to the infliction of further pain.

"And what's to be the end of such wondrous book-learning?" said he; "you city gents, who are born with a silver ladle in your mouth, don't need to work for your living. A rich banker's only son isn't going to be a parson, I suppose, or a lawyer, or—"

"My nephew's plans are at present so unsettled," interrupted my uncle, apparently feeling more for my annoyance than his own; "that we will not disturb his mind by prematurely discussing them; more particularly since Bernard is probably waiting for us with his coffee in the blue drawing-room, and is miserable whenever I allow it to be spoiled by the overboiling of the lamp."

I was glad to perceive by the lengthening of Haggerston's face, that he had to pay the penalty of his coarseness, by the loss of at least three glasses of claret less than his usual stint.

Before he made his parting bow for the night, however, we were friends again. The cordiality with which he invited me to Campley—to come when I would, and stay as long as I listed—would have almost reconciled me to his odious familiarity, had he not thought proper to add,—

"Cuthbert never lets a day pass without riding over to us. When he's well, poor fellow, no place on earth he's so fond of as Campley. But then, Agnes has been his play-fellow ever since he was born. Agnes can do anything with him! She's a little afraid of him *now*; for one's never sure when one of his fits may take him. But, strange to say, he was never yet seized at Campley!"

On turning to bid my uncle good night, on the departure of his guest, I saw that there were tears in his eyes. And no wonder. But the respectful manner in which I raised his withered hand to my lips, on leaving the room, served to apprise him that I now knew all, and felt for him to the bottom of my heart.

Next day I fulfilled my promise. After breakfast, I withdrew into the library, and read till the afternoon, when my uncle despatched Bernard to me to request I would do him the favor to accompany him in his airing. It was usually an old coachman who drove his low pony phaeton; but he seemed gratified to have me supply his place; directing me the various turnings in the park leading to its more striking points of view; and a variety of anecdotes, with which some of those beautiful spots were connected, told with ease and spirit by Sir Ralph, served to enliven our sober drive. The summer air was delicious; the view of the distant mountains sublime; and in such noble scenery, in company with the high-bred and mild old man, it was impossible not to subside into a tranquillity congenial with the scene.

I took care that my uncle should be the first to remind me of my promised visit to Campley.

"Haggerston will be hurt," said he, a few days afterwards, "if you do not fulfil your engagement; and he deserves well at our hands for much kindness to my poor son."

I instantly proposed riding over to his house in the course of the afternoon.

"Do," said he; "and remember that you will be expected to remain and dine. It is the custom of the house; a vexatious one enough to those who are not fond of sitting down to dinner with a lady, in dusty boots and soiled linen."

"Miss Haggerston is grown up, then?"

"Yes; a charming girl; and as good as she is beautiful," said he. "Campley, too, is very well worth looking at. Though on a smaller scale than the relics usually preserved of the abodes of our forefathers, it is, in my opinion, more curious for that very reason, than either hall or castle. You will find it a small stone manor-house, of the time of Elizabeth, surrounded with magnificent trees; and Haggerston's ancestors (a branch of the old Northumbrian family) have lived there, from sire to son, for the last three hundred years."

"But surely the Westferns have been settled here, sir, some centuries longer?" said I.

"True: but *this* place is the seat of the head of a family; and has strength of its own, as well as the backing of a large estate, to keep it standing. My friend Haggerston, on the contrary, has scarcely more hundreds a year than we have thousands; yet his house is in as good condition as ours, and his timber as fine. That his heart is more contented, is owing to a less afflictive share of the dispensations of Providence."

I was glad that these *renseignemens* afforded me some pretext for the excitement of mind in which, the following day, I mounted the beautiful bay mare especially appropriated to my use; and, under the directions of a groom, to whom the cross-roads were familiar, converted the distance between the hall and Campley into little more than three miles, by following a bridle-road, skirting almost mountainous hill-sides, and commanding views of the country, which, lovely as I had previously thought it, afforded as much surprise as pleasure. Green valleys, watered by animated rivulets, were contrasted with rocky defiles and foaming falls; while around the hall, a rich fringe of ancient woods seemed to mark the termination of the family estate.

As we pursued our way along a pass, far more resembling a sheep-walk than a road, for it did not admit of the groom bringing himself abreast, I suddenly heard him shouting from behind me that Campley lay at our feet; and looking down, perceived a green nook, greener than all the rest of the landscape, apparently wedged into a platform formed by the junction of two narrow valleys.

Surveyed from a height enabling me to take a bird's-eye view of the rounded summits of the fine old oaks encircling it, their gigantic boles being invisible from above, the square stone structure, standing alone in the midst, resembled a tomb rather than a habitation. No smoke ascended from the roof; not a human being was visible around. There was something solemn and Druidical in the aspect of that verdant solitude.

The readiness with which my mare accomplished the precipitous descent into the valley, avouched that Cuthbert's stud was familiar with the road to Campley. But I am not certain that the increased

pulsation of heart, of which I was conscious in approaching the house, and which I attributed to the prospect of an introduction to the "Agnes" on whose qualities depended so much of the charm of my visit to the north, was not partly owing to my doubts whether we were not just as likely to arrive at the gate by an enforced roll down a slope of a hundred and fifty feet as by a slower process.

And after all, the perilous feat was accomplished in vain! Neither Mr. Haggerston nor his daughter were at home.

"If you be the young gentleman from the hall, for whom master has been waiting at home, sir, since Tuesday," said a homely-looking, gray-headed serving-man, who—I will not say opened the door, for it stood open, but who answered my summons, "I was bid to tell you that Miss Agnes and the squire would be at home early in the afternoon, and to beg you would walk in."

I desired nothing better. The little battlemented manor-door, the moat of which having been filled up by the present representative of the family, now produced the finest flowers in the neighborhood, inspired me with curiosity to visit the interior. The mellow tinge of the old gray stone, the quaintness of the Elizabethan windows, and, as soon as I entered the hall, the carved wainscoting of walnut, adorned with the finest antlers I ever saw, supporting on the walls a collection of curious old weapons, which were afterwards exhibited to me with great pride by Haggerston as family arms, struck me as constituting one of those Gothic bijoux which people, possessing more money than taste, expend a fortune in creating, and then render ridiculous by a thatched roof, or a verandah, or Genoese blinds, but which, under shelter of Haggerston's hereditary veneration and modest fortunes, was allowed to retain all its original uniformity of beauty.

No need for the old servant to inform me that the chamber into which he ushered me was "Miss Agnes' room;" it was a "bower-chamber," if ever bower-chamber existed. The fragrance of a basket of well-chosen flowers—the embroidery frame—the bookshelves containing so much more poetry than prose—all announced, the moment I crossed the threshold, that I stood on ground consecrated by female predilections; and I was almost glad that the divinity was absent, that I might be free to examine in detail that charming snuggery, which struck me then, and recurs to me still, as the pleasantest in which I ever set my foot.

Through the beautiful flower-garden, extended like a Persian carpet before the wide window, meandered a rapid brook, by which the moat had been formerly vivified, and which, on its suppression, was turned into its present channel, not only by the good taste but the very hands of Haggerston, the banks being formed of curious specimens of rock selected from the mines of the district, nearly covered by the growth of rare mosses, ferns, and lichens; among which the perpetual ripple of the rapid and limpid little brook produced a soothing murmur.

Beyond the limits of the flower-garden stood a group of the same gigantic oaks that dotted the surrounding meadows, like the appointed guardians of that beautiful solitude; and through the interstices between their grander outlines appeared the wild hill-side beyond, clothed with many-hued varieties of underwood; or, where too precipitous for vegetation, the beetling crags of the cliff peered out from the surrounding verdure, as though to attest the solid structure of those natural bulwarks.

It was some time before I was able to withdraw my attention from a scene so lovely. But when I did gather my enraptured senses once more into the shady room from whence this circumscribed but exquisite landscape was perceptible, I was scarcely less struck by the beauty of a series of sketches in water colors, simply framed, and appended to the wall.

A few minutes afterwards I discovered that a richly bound folio volume lying on one of the tables contained others by the same hand; which, from the name of "Agnes" appended to each landscape, I found with pleasure to be that of Miss Haggerston. The subjects were chiefly Spanish, many of them representing interiors of convents or monasteries, enlivened by groups of monks or nuns; and while the coloring possessed a depth and richness I had never before seen attained by water colors, the taste and spirit of the designs were beyond all praise. I could have passed the day examining those admirable drawings.

Scarcely an object in the room, however, but was deserving notice. Each exhibited some specific cachet; and when, impatient of confinement, I at length made my way into the flower-garden, by dropping over the stone window ledge upon a strip of turf that belted the house in that mountain wilderness, the little Gothic manor, its ancient trees, its velvet green sward, and paradise of flowers, appeared like an oasis in the desert.

I was summoned back to the house, not, as I almost feared, to be rebuked by its master for my unceremonious proceedings, but to find a tray of excellent refreshments awaiting me. The old servant, however, while pressing me to eat, rendered it impossible, by acquainting me that he had just learned from the groom (and such a groom as it was!) that the squire and Miss Agnes had ridden over to see me at the hall.

After such information, I naturally turned a deaf ear to his recommendation of the home-potted charr, and even to his assurance that a dish of preserved cranberries, looking like ruby beads, which he placed before me, was the work of Miss Agnes' housewifely hands. More particularly to the last piece of information—full of the false delicacies, not to say affectations, of London life, I was shocked to learn that the same hand which had produced the works of genius I had been studying, could have been employed in a menial task.

Another minute and I was mounted again, and though wanting faith in the groom's assertion that the squire and "miss" always took the bridle road, I soon found myself suspended anew over the happy valley, mistaking, as I proceeded, every grazing cow in the valley below, or group of sheep visible in the distance, for the objects of my solicitude.

The mountain pass being left behind, we had reached what was nearly level ground, when the servant rode up to inform me that what I was just deciding to be a withered whinbush and a holly-tree on the side of the opposite hill, was neither more nor less than "miss" and the squire; and as I now perceived the whinbush and holly-tree to be hastening towards me, there was no gainsaying his assertion.

On a near view, I became quite content that "miss" should devote the remainder of her days to the manufacture of cranberry *compôtes*. Never did I behold a more ludicrous object. Mounted on a pony, such as is usually assigned to a boy of ten years old, her gray canlet riding-dress and fair

hair dishevelled by the mountain breezes, almost intermingled with the dun-colored mane and sweeping tail of the pony, appeared to form one shapeless and unsightly animal. Even when near enough for the delicacy of her features to be discernible, I could not forgive the damsel, in whom I had anticipated something of a Diana Vernon, for looking so like an overgrown school-girl.

The holly-tree, which became gradually converted into the squire, attired in a dark Tartan shooting-jacket, stalking, staff in hand, by his daughter's side, soon put an end to my cogitations by hurrying forward to reproach me for a dilatoriness in finding my way to Campley, such as had forced him to come in search of me. And so full of questions was he concerning the cheer afforded me by his servants, and my opinion of his badger-hole—as he was pleased to term his beautiful residence—that he suffered his daughter, who had come up with him, to stand unnoticed by my side, (for I had, of course, dismounted to address him,) without offering an introduction. Seeing which, I unceremoniously presented myself.

By the stiff manner in which Miss Haggerston drew up to reply to my cordial greeting, I soon saw, however, that though dressed in a camel suit, and mounted on a shaggy pony, she was not a person to be treated without ceremony. It might be that her father's coarse familiarity had driven her into reserve for self-defence. But the squire's earnest entreaties that, though three-parts of the way home, I would return and dine with them, were so coldly seconded by his daughter, that I pleaded letters to write by the post, or some other chartered lie of conventional life, and was let off on condition that I promised to make amends on the morrow.

Being, as I must again take occasion to remark, only in my twenty-first year, I expected, on finding myself again opposite to my uncle at the dinner-table, that his first inquiry would be, "What I thought of Agnes Haggerston?"—the *real* object of my morning's expedition—instead of which he talked only of Campley—of its date—its original destination—the ancient gentility of its owners—and the insignificance to which, for nearly two centuries, the minor branches of Catholic families had been reduced.

In my present mood of irritation against "miss," I was tempted to answer to the latter observation, "so much the better!"—that, "in my opinion they could not be kept in *too* careful subordination;"—a sentiment which the high-church old baronet took in such excellent part, that he instantly invited me to join him in a glass of the thin claret constituting his habitual beverage.

But after a short pause devoted to its degustation, he broke out as though he had been mentally arguing against his own want of liberality.

"I fear I cannot deny," said he, "that I entertain a prejudice against papists, perhaps from having been jarring half my life against the bigotries of my friend Haggerston. Perhaps from—no matter! I plead thoroughly guilty to an unreasonable antipathy. Let me, however, render justice to many superiorities of system on the part of the Roman Catholic community; and among others, one that renders my young friend at Campley so great a comfort to her father; that, in their conventional education, women are reared for the fire-side rather than the world. Agnes Haggerston, whose family estate, small as it is, is entailed on heirs male, so that she has no future provision to rely

upon, has been educated to make a good housewife, instead of a useless, fine lady, and Campley is consequently as comfortable a home to her father as though his fortune were double."

"With the preserved cranberries still in my memory, I could of course afford ample credence to the statement. But it was impossible not to add that whatever might be Miss Haggerston's notabilities, the higher accomplishments of life had not been neglected.

"If brought up in a convent, sir," said I, "she must have found there some first-rate artist to have attained such rare proficiency with her pencil."

"I was not aware," replied my uncle, "that she had reached much excellence, though both as a musician and painter my poor son was, I know, at the pains to give her instruction."

"But you are often at Campley, sir," cried I; "you cannot have overlooked the beautiful pictures that ornament Miss Haggerston's sitting-room?"

"No, indeed! And I sometimes wonder that Agnes, who is goodness itself, and knows how much the sight of them affects me, does not place them elsewhere," replied Sir Ralph; "they are my poor Cuthbert's work—sent home, or rather sent to Campley, during his sojourn in Spain."

I was silenced, though longing to learn when, why, and how my poor cousin had been a traveller; I dared not risk paining my uncle's feelings by the inquiry. The morrow would, I doubted not, explain hundreds of things I wanted to know.

By the time I reached Campley, the shade of the house extended half over the little flower-garden, and from Miss Haggerston's sitting-room, into which I was ushered, I saw that she was enjoying the light breeze of a delicious summer afternoon on a bench under the old oak-tree nearest the pastures. But that I was still smarting from the coldness of her manner at our first meeting, my impatience might have prompted me to drop a second time from the window and hasten towards her; and it was only because, placed as she was, she could but perceive my arrival, that I restrained the inclination. As the mistress of the house, it was her business to come and receive me; not a step, however, did she move! She was reading, and she read on, evidently not thinking me worth disturbing herself from her occupation to welcome to her father's house.

Angry in good earnest, I made up my mind to advert to her nonchalance as soon as the squire made his appearance. But when he really came, so hearty was his greeting, and so expansive his countenance, that it would have been a sin to vex him.

"Where 's Agnes?" cried he; "have n't you seen my daughter? I was in the rick-yard when I saw your horses come round; and hurried in as soon as I'd given orders about them."

And on my pointing out to him, in reply, the station Miss Haggerston had taken up, he insisted on our joining her in her shady retreat.

"Agnes is very partial to that tree," said he, as we made our way towards it. "The bench was put up by Cuthbert, and I have known them spend half the summer day there reading and chatting. Not a ray of sunshine penetrates through the foliage; and Agnes, who prefers it to her close sitting-room in fine weather, calls it her best parlor."

I thought it likely the young lady would play the

coquette in receiving my salutations, and pretend ignorance of my arrival. By no means!

"I have been expecting you for the last ten minutes, Mr. Ashworth," said she; the book and work with which she had been occupying herself being so disposed on the bench as to render it impossible to offer me a seat. "But when once I establish myself here for the morning, I seldom re-enter the house before dinner-time."

She was, in short, as ungracious as ever; which provoked me the more, because, now that her uncouth riding-dress was removed, and her hair neatly braided round her small and graceful head, all trace of the awkward school-girl forming part of the shaggy pony had disappeared. However uncivil and unconciliating, "miss" was indisputably a pretty girl.

In the course of the evening, I became more and more convinced of the fact. Not because the squire attributed to her housewifery the merit of one of the best simple dinners I ever tasted; not even because, at her father's commands, (for she pretended to resist his request,) she "lapped our senses in Elysium," by her exquisite performance on a chamber-organ that stood in a hall adjoining the dining-room; but from the tender manner in which she adverted to the infirm state of my uncle's health, and the nature of his domestic trials.

Still, feeling myself something of an intruder at the hall, my pride relieved my scruples by alluding to my sojourn there as compulsory, and announcing my intention to leave it the moment I came of age.

"That would be very unfair—very inhuman!" was Miss Haggerston's cool reply. "Your visit must be the greatest comfort to poor Sir Ralph. Indeed, on visiting him the other day, we found—did we not, papa!—quite an altered man!"

"Ay, indeed!" cried the squire. "I have n't seen my poor old friend in such health or spirits this many a day. The prospect of seeing you; that is, the prospect of having your father's son under his roof, had, I suspect, made him feel rather queerish. And finding you so different from what he expected, was a great comfort to him."

"My uncle must, indeed, have formed hateful anticipations on my account to be so easily satisfied," said I, with some indignation.

"Why, how could you expect it to be otherwise, considering his abhorrence of your father?" replied the squire. "However, my poor friend's wrath is like a fire of thorns—soon up, and soon out. Five-and-twenty years ago, or thereabouts, he turned his back on me—and swore never to change a word with me again. Yet you see how he cottons to me now."

"The cause of his displeasure is, perhaps, removed!"

"Ay! and as long ago as since the day you came into the world! Betwixt friends, Mr. Ashworth, he'd a mind to marry me to your mother. He thought that next to Western Hall, the best place for her was Campley."

"And you were of a different way of thinking!" said I; the vivid blush of anxiety, as to what he might answer, that overspread the cheeks of his daughter, not being lost upon me.

"Why, to say the truth, a good-looking, robust young fellow, such as I then was, was not likely to take a fancy to a humpy."

My strong inclination to knock him down, was

repressed only in deference to the beseeching looks of Agnes.

"Besides," added he, while I bit my lips in silence, "if the finest of the foreign Venuses, whom people allow to show their shapes stark-naked in their galleries, with a gold mine for her dowry, were to offer me her hand for the marriage to be solemnized by a parson in a black and white suit like a magpie, I should beg her to look elsewhere for a husband. A drop of Protestant blood in the veins of children bearing the name of Haggerston, would have been enough to bring down the old stones of Campley upon our heads!"

"With such opinions," I stiffly rejoined, "you were quite right, sir, not to endanger the happiness of yourself and others, by marriage with a West-fern!"

And by the pains with which Miss Haggerston just then endeavored to divert my attention, by producing for my entertainment a volume of marine views, forming a second to the Spanish collection, I saw she shared my repugnance to hear such subjects coolly discussed. She was even becoming friendly and cheerful in her office of exhibiting and explaining those beautiful drawings, when the squire froze her once more into incivility, by inviting her to second his attempts to establish me at the hall.

"For the sake of poor Sir Ralph and his son, my dear Agnes," said he, "you must do your best to enliven Mr. Ashworth's sojourn. Now we have once got you, young gentleman, we don't intend to part with you so easily."

A remark which had the effect of causing his daughter abruptly to close the volume we had not yet half examined; and, on pretence that her usual hour for retiring was arrived, to retreat hurriedly to bed!

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day, in spite of sundry relapses into coldness, I fancied I had made some progress in the good-will of my young hostess. Unprompted by her father, she took me the round of the gardens and little farm, and even as far as a beautiful ravine, terminating one of the transepts of the junction of valleys, of which Campley was the centre.

Though the day was all that became a day in June, the deep shadow of the cliffs fell upon our winding path beside the brawling brook, that seemed to have worked itself a way through that rocky defile; so that it could not be fatigue alone which prompted her to seat herself on a jutting crag, which the delicate sprays of the underwood of ash and beech shooting around it, precariously enrobed in the fissures of the cliff, seemed to convert into a throne. And since, from its position, it was a throne that admitted of no consorts, I asked for no consent to place myself on the short green turf at her feet. Not a living thing was visible around us, save a few bees murmuring over the glaring gorse blossoms blooming among the loftier clefts; and a pair of sparrow-hawks, circling high over our heads, as though apprehending danger to their nest from our intrusion.

"We cockneys," said I, "read and write of such mountain solitudes as this, and if we can, paint them. But how poorly does imagination supply the thousand incidental charms and adornments included in such a landscape—the waving of the fern—the life-like vigor of the stream—the harmony of the strange mysteries, whispers, and murmurs em-

anating from every thicket, and every turn of the brook!"

"Leave something to the exclusive share of poor recluses like myself," rejoined Miss Haggerston. "You Londoners enjoy everything that can be enjoyed for money; we bumpkins, everything that is accordable by nature. Surely the sons of Mammon need not envy us our crown of plaited rushes!"

The word "mammon" appeared to my sensitive ears to point especially at the banker's son.

"You would scarcely taunt me as under the influence of overweening wealth, Miss Haggerston," was my peevish rejoinder; "were you aware of the family misfortunes under which I am smarting!"

"Misfortunes!" cried she, starting up, and every vestige of color deserting her cheek at the sight of my emotion.

"Several times," I continued, "have you alluded to my wealth as a crime. If it be my only one, I am innocent indeed. The first act of my majority will be to assign to my father's creditors even the modest competence I can call my own."

"You surprise and shock me beyond description," exclaimed Agnes, fixing her limpid blue eyes full upon mine. "When you arrived here my father described you as a man of millions—as a person of the utmost consequence—as the only son of Ashworth the great banker!"

"Of Ashworth the bankrupt," I retorted; "you live too much apart from the world to hear of such things; or, if I may judge by your countenance, and the sympathy you accord to my unfortunate cousin, you would not taunt with prosperity the son of a man who died by his own hand, to escape the shame of ruin."

I had not intended to be thus frank. The rash declaration was extorted from me by the scorn of my companion. But I easily forgave myself when I saw tears gush from the eyes of Agnes.

"Forgive me—forgive me," cried she, extending her hand with the generous candor of a child. "Believe, I beg of you, that I surmised nothing of all this. On the contrary, it was because you were vaunted to me, previous to your arrival, as the rich Londoner—next of kin to Sir Ralph Westfern—a match—a purse-proud fine gentleman, who, because in the full enjoyment of his senses, had a right to be more thought of than poor dear Cuthbert himself, that I felt prejudiced against you. But again I say, forgive me! Henceforward let us be friends."

And we were so. From that day, Agnes and I became established on the happiest footing of intimacy. I tried to make myself believe that it was a considerable relief to my poor uncle to have me constantly at Campley, and by the time I had accompanied the squire and his daughter to visit all the meres, and heads, and scours of the neighborhood—over hill and dale—skirting the mountain side—fording brooks knee-deep, and plunging into precipitous valleys, I became convinced, not only that Westmoreland was the loveliest shire in the kingdom, but that a dun-colored Shetland pony, with a home-made saddle and bridle, was a finer palfrey than ever served the need of the fashionable countesses of Hyde Park. Even the disarray of Miss Haggerston's camlet suit and flowing locks was delightful. There was something peculiarly attaching in the total absence of art in her person, and character, and habits.

One never had to wait for Agnes. She was

always ready to walk, ride, drive—prepared for fishing parties, or a day in the woods, or boating, or mining expeditions. But best of all, she was always ready to answer. Never did I see a human being so unsolicitous to conceal her feelings. Living only with those with whom she was privileged to be frank, the thought that entered her head, the emotion that thrilled in her heart, found its way simultaneously into words.

In a Catholic this was the more extraordinary, for Catholics are usually reserved. There is always the influence of the director hanging over them, to place a seal upon their lips. But in Agnes, nature would have its way; and she decided me to be worthy of her friendship, she accorded me all its privileges, and thought aloud in my presence. It was the openness of the squire, without his want of tact.

Admitted behind the scenes of the domestic life of Campley, it was my delight to share the tasks of my friends, to assist in bringing home curious stones from the rubbish-heap of some deserted mine, to complete the embankment of the brook, or transfer to Miss Haggerston's garden roots of the choice flowers, almost lost in the deserted weedy of the hall.

In return she gave me lessons in sketching, or the still greater delight of listening to those beautiful anthems composed by Cuthbert, which she performed on the organ—a gift from my poor cousin—with the inspiration of true genius (being as good a musician as though ignorant of the clarification of sugar!)

By degrees, a thousand touching incidents served to reveal that the being thus nobly gifted was still richer in the better attributes of human nature. Never was saint worshiped in its shrine with half the adoration bestowed upon Agnes by the poor of the district. Their wants, their ailments, their troubles were circumstantially engraven in her memory. She could have administered blindfold to each the moment the sound of their voices reached her ear. She knew exactly which had savage husbands or forward children; whose field was unproductive, and whose bones rheumatic.

In the savageness of my selfishness, I was sometimes angry at having our conversation interrupted as we were walking together, by a chance encounter with some unchin who had to be lectured for filial disobedience, or rewarded with an alms for vigilance over its younger brothers and sisters. I was almost provoked at finding her mind so full of maladies and miseries, which, while I derided as insignificant, her better wisdom knew to be sufficient for the wretchedness of some humble home.

Then came my turn for being reproached and lectured. But it was in so sweet a voice, and with eyes fixed upon me the while so heaven-like in their blueness and serenity, that it was enough to make a sturdy rebel of one to secure a renewal of the exhortation to repentance! I could not bear, however, to raise a cloud in her soul, and was even forced to allow her to be as good and charitable as she listed.

There was only one point on which I remained dissatisfied with my progress in Miss Haggerston's good opinion: I could no longer induce her to talk to me of Cuthbert. The closer our intimacy, the less she seemed inclined to dwell upon his name. We were now so happy together, that she appeared to think it would be profanation, in the midst of our joy, to allude to the sufferings of my poor cousin.

As I was seldom alone with the squire, even his

coarse allusions to the Heath, were wholly spared me; and it was only by the more or less of gloom upon the venerable brow of poor Sir Ralph, and by the description of books he selected when my offer to read to him aloud was occasionally accepted, that I was able to form surmises touching the state of the sufferer. One day, however, a day succeeding one of those happy evenings passed at Campley, which made me tremble lest any circumstance or change should interfere to disturb the golden calm of my existence, I could not resist my inclination to inquire of old Bernard—(I dared not address his master)—“What news from the Heath?” And from the air of surly despondency with which he shook his head in reply, without so much as the utterance of a single syllable, convinced me that my cousin's convalescence was not in very active progress.

The Haggerstons used to attend high mass once a week, at a small chapel appended to the residence of a nobleman, nearly three miles distant from Campley; who, though he seldom or ever visited the country, kept a chaplain or domestic priest for the benefit of his household and the Roman Catholic community of the environs; and whenever this gentleman, a mild, reserved old man, apparently of humble nature, visited Campley, the Haggerstons, I observed, were studious in avoiding to invite me. Sharing their hospitality, as I did, at all other times, it would have been disgraceful had I run counter to their wishes by pretending ignorance of his being there and visiting them as usual. But having taken it into my head that whenever Mr. Dormer had been sojourning with them, I was less warmly welcomed; or rather that, after their religious conferences, the brows of both father and daughter were darkened towards me, I own I felt considerable desire to make his acquaintance. I could not help fancying that if he saw the vastness of my tolerance and the liberality of my religious opinions, he would dismiss any misgivings that might have glanced into his mind concerning my influence with his penitents.

When September came—golden September—with its dogs and guns, as a pretext for bringing Haggerston oftener to the hall, instead of my visiting Campley, (my uncle having long placed at his disposal the deputation of his manor, abounding in game,) I engaged, perforce, occasional tête-à-têtes with him, in one of which I contrived to signify my desire to make Mr. Dormer's acquaintance.

“Time enough—time enough,” cried he, trudging on with a quickened step and respiration, and his gun poised upon his shoulder. “You are not thinking of leaving us yet? You can't be thinking of leaving us yet? Come of age next month, you say, and then off? Stuff and nonsense! You won't find it in your heart to abandon the poor old gentleman to whom you are the next of kin, and who is growing so fond of you (he told me as much this morning, when you left the room after breakfast.) For I promise you there's no chance of poor Cuthbert's being at home again any time between this and Christmas.”

“That I remain at the hall, my dear Mr. Haggerston,” I remonstrated, “surely affords only an additional reason for my wish to become acquainted with Mr. Dormer.”

“Ay, ay! But the question is whether he wishes it also. We Catholics, you know, do not gainsay the will of our spiritual pastors.”

“I can scarcely have offended him,” replied I;

"and am, I fear, too indifferent a Protestant to excite animosity. Your spiritual pastors in general," continued I, with a smile, "are not apt to frown away the approaches of young people—open to conviction and conversion."

"Perhaps he may think you safer in the hands of Agnes than in his own," replied my companion, in a hurried manner, perhaps because his fine setter at that moment made a point—perhaps because afraid of committing himself by the smallest allusion to a forbidden subject.

The few words he had let fall, however, sufficed. Could it be that there was "miching malicho" in the cordiality with which I was invited to the little Gothic manor-house at the confluence of the valleys? Was the familiarity with which I was admitted to the honor of paving their brook with quartz, and increasing their collection of ferns, only a mask to deeper designs on the part of the Haggerstons? I had already sometimes fancied my uncle disposed to moderate the warmth of my friendship for his neighbors. Once or twice, on my return from Campley too late for dinner, I had found him peevish and resentful; and what I had then mistaken for displeasure at my want of deference towards the punctuality of his habits, might, after all, be dread of my too close domestication with a family of papists!

The only person to whom I could have looked for enlightenment on this subject—saving old Bernard, who was as imperturbable as the family dead-chest—was the rector of my uncle's parish; a grave, stern man, who, with a nervous, silent wife, occasionally joined the family dinner party at the hall, without much increasing its animation. For as the Haggerstons were never invited to meet them, any more than myself to meet Mr. Dormer, there was reason to infer coldness between them. But I saw little of Dr. Hipsley out of his pulpit. He had never asked me into his house; and I could not well attack him, in the course of a particularly formal morning visit, with inquiries concerning my uncle's theological opinions, or the papistries of Campley.

It was nevertheless from him I finally obtained some insight into the mysteries of the case.

One of those terrible accidents which occasionally occur in every mining district, having reduced to sudden ruin several families in the village; having attended at the heart-rending spectacle of the extrication of the bodies from the mine, with the view of verifying to whom the liberal benefactions of Sir Ralph were to be granted, I came in contact with the rector, under circumstances tending to thaw the thin coating of ice under which, in deference to the solemnities of the hall, he was in the habit of concealing the warmer feelings of his nature. And having once *felt* together, we began to *talk* together, as if for the first time. It was the second edition of my introduction to Agnes; but under influences how different!

While walking home together from the scene of desolation, after seeing my tears flow at witnessing the agony of a mother of fatherless babes, whose mutilated husband was the first drawn from the pit, he seemed suddenly to suspect that my nature might be a trifle softer than the venerable master of Western Hall, and inquired after the health of poor Cuthbert. "How was he? Was he likely to be much longer away? His sojourn at the Heath was more than usually prolonged!"

I replied by questioning in my turn; and with such genuine desire for information, that in the course of a long walk across the breezy hills, I

obtained further insight into my family history, or rather into the history uniting my own family with that of the Haggerstons, than I had ever expected to extract out of the taciturn rector.

"Poor Sir Ralph's marriage was not a happy one," said the doctor, in reply to my questions. "He married too late in life. His belief of having secured a companion in his sister, having been so unexpectedly undeceived by—by—"

"By my mother's alliance," said I, to relieve his scruples—"he probably married in haste, to repent at leisure."

"I do not imagine that he *repented*; how could he, with that beautiful boy born to him, whose destinies we were all of us then so far from foreseeing! No, sir, it was poor Lady Margaret that repented—bitterly, hopelessly! When persuaded, not to say compelled into a union with Sir Ralph, he had not only passed his fiftieth year, while she was less than half his age; but he had been so recently irritated against the sex in general, by the conduct of poor Miss Clara, that his feelings on that point were as susceptible as they were ungenerous."

"I was not aware of so great a disparity of years between my uncle and Lady Margaret?" said I, to lead him away from further allusion to my mother.

"Far less, however, than between their dispositions!" he replied. "Lady Margaret, grave and haughty as she appears in the picture taken of her some years after her arrival at the hall, was, in her girlhood, a bright and buoyant creature. But she had formed, it appears, some attachment beneath the dignity of the house of Howard; and such was the severity shown her under the roof of her parents, that she gratefully accepted the hand of a baronet, of noble estate, from whom, because old enough to be her father, she expected only a father's protection. But, alas! poor young lady—her second home proved more repellant than the first! Irritated by his sister's derogation, Sir Ralph could talk of nothing but the pitiable frailties of woman's nature. His mistrust closed his doors against visitors; for in every man who crossed his threshold, he suspected some evil design!"

"Until," said I, half interrupting him, "he drove his wife, perhaps, like his poor sister, to seek comfort elsewhere?"

"No! Lady Margaret's conduct was irreproachable. The comfort she sought was in the bosom of one of her own sex. Haggerston had just brought home to Campley a young wife, by birth a Bedingfield, who, but for the bitterness of her papistry, I should admit to be one of the most charming women I ever beheld. I have known many Catholics. In this county they abound. But never did I meet with one inspired with such unchristianly intolerance as that gentle-looking creature! Had she lived in the days of Mary Tudor, she would, I am convinced, have watched with triumph the lighting of the fagots in Smithfield."

"And by her, I presume, Lady Margaret was converted?"

"At all events, no efforts were spared to effect her conversion. She and the Haggerstons were always together, either at Campley or the hall; and as there was nothing in the person of the squire to excite the uneasiness of Sir Ralph, her husband was content that it should be so. At length, my own observations of a change in the deportment of Lady Margaret Western, and of the daily conferences held between her and Father Dormer, determined me to place Sir Ralph upon his guard."

"With due submission, surely the parties were old enough to be left to the government of their own

judgment!" said I; "more particularly since, as regards Mr. Dormer, you deny the right of spiritual interference."

"For the purpose of conversion—yes! I should as soon have thought of purloining Mrs. Haggerston's purse, as attempting to seduce him from the faith of his ancestors; knowing that, had he desired my instructions, he would have sought them, I consequently felt entitled to circumvent any attempt made by others to decoy away a lamb of my flock."

"And did my uncle interfere as you expected?"

"Not as I expected; for he met the dilemma, not by expostulation or argument, but by frantic violence! Mrs. Haggerston was forbidden the hall; while towards Father Dormer, he threatened insult and violence, should he ever set foot within his domain!"

"The life of poor Lady Margaret, in short, was rendered still more miserable than before!"

"So much so, that I sincerely regretted my interference. I now felt that it was with her, rather than her husband, I should have remonstrated. The fact was, that Mrs. Ashworth's marriage had effected such a revolution in the character of Sir Ralph Western, that his oldest friends knew not how to deal with him."

"What a reproach to human nature," cried I, thinking aloud, "that in private, as in public life, half the violence, half the crimes, half the sufferings of mankind, have been effected under the pretended influence of a religion of mercy and peace!"

"The influence of religion," rejoined Dr. Hipsley, "is and ought to be the most stringent of which the human mind is susceptible. No wonder, therefore, that in some instances the zeal to which frailer natures are incited should become excessive and pernicious. The mind of Lady Margaret, exalted by religious controversies wholly new to her, was unluckily just then exposed to nervous excitation by her prospect of becoming a mother; and it is the opinion of the medical men in attendance upon poor Mr. Cuthbert, that the germ of the grievous tendency to insanity, which has developed itself in his constitution, was sown at that unlucky period by the mental disturbance of his mother."

"In early life, then," said I, "my cousin was as other children?"

"If any other child ever existed so gifted with beauty and genius!" was the doctor's enthusiastic reply. "His mother survived his birth just long enough to foresee that in him she should find a reward for all her troubles. Never did I see a woman so passionately attached to her child! Even Sir Ralph came in for his share of her overflowing affections. They became almost reconciled, almost happy; Lady Margaret seemed to have forgotten Campley, and have recovered the temporary vacillations of her religious faith."

"A proof that her fluctuation of opinions resulted from the influence of worldly disappointment on a feeble mind."

"Unfortunately," resumed Dr. Hipsley, "the estrangement between the hall and Campley was so complete that Lady Margaret, though aware that her friend had, in her turn, become a mother, knew not that Mrs. Haggerston had from that period fallen into a rapid decline. Verbal messages had been despatched by the invalid to Western, entreating a visit from her friend. But they were intercepted by Sir Ralph, who could not bring himself to endanger his newly-found domestic happiness by the renewal of the intimacy he held so injurious."

"But he at least acquainted his wife with Mrs. Haggerston's illness?"

"Not by a syllable; and the blow fell heavily upon her indeed, when at length she learned from myself that her poor Agnes was on her death-bed! I need not say that she was at Campley as fast as horses could convey her thither. But she arrived too late. All she found was Father Dormer praying beside the fair and wasted corpse, and the poor squire breaking his heart over the helpless girl he held in his arms."

"I can readily imagine her self-reproaches. Yet my uncle was the only person to blame."

"So thought not Mr. Haggerston, whose temper is not a forbearing one, and who reviled her as unworthy of the tears which his poor dying wife had shed on her account. 'Agnes commended her poor babe to your kindness,' cried he. 'With her last breath she charged you to be tender over her orphan!' And poor Lady Margaret, who was weeping on her knees by the bedside, instantly sealed with fervent kisses on the clay-cold hand of her friend, a solemn pledge that Agnes Haggerston should be through life as a child of her own."

"Which promise her husband could not forbid her to fulfil!"

"A greater than her husband forbade it! Within the year Lady Margaret was laid in the grave! But Sir Ralph was fully apprized of all that had passed; and, cut to the soul by the prospect of losing his wife, the mother of his promising boy, acceded to her request that he would proceed more than halfway in overtures of reconciliation to Campley; and such is the cordiality of Haggerston's nature, that they were readily accepted. Nothing, in short, appeared so much to soface the dying lady of the hall as to have the infant of her departed friend upon her knee, with little Cuthbert standing beside her, in admiration of its miniature graces."

"Such then," cried I, "is the origin of the fond friendship I have so often wondered at!—such the grievous termination of a romance so sadly begun."

"The termination!" ejaculated my reverend companion, "alas! the saddest portion of the story is yet to come!"

And as we had now reached the outskirts of my uncle's domain, so that the smoke could be seen rising above the trees from the chimneys of the hall, he related in terms more succinct what remained to be told.

"After the death of Lady Margaret," said he, "the children grew together like offspring of the same parents. They were seldom a day apart. Mr. Cuthbert, older by two years than Miss Haggerston, prided himself, even in his childhood, on being the natural protector of his little sister; nor till Miss Haggerston was ten years old, and Father Dormer decided that it was time she should be removed to the convent in Lancashire, where her education was completed, did it seem to occur to the children that they were ever to part. The squire, indeed, was anxious to place his daughter with the Ursulines of Bruges, by whom her mother had been reared. But the artful priest would not hear of it. His eye was firmly fixed upon the rich heritage of Western Hall."

"And he did not wish to expose my cousin's attachment to the ordeal of too complete an estrangement. But how could he suppose that a high churchman like my uncle would ever consent to the union of his heir with a papist?"

"What he thought, or what any of them thought, must be left to surmise; but it was generally believed that, on her death-bed, Lady Margaret had extracted a promise from her husband that, should her son and Agnes Haggerston become per-

manently attached, he would not oppose their marriage."

"And after the poor little girl was transferred to her convent!"

"After the poor little girl was transferred to her convent, Cuthbert, under the care of a strict tutor, devoted himself to his studies. Sir Ralph has been much blamed for not having sent him at once to a public school. Weak people, who fancy that roughing it at Eton is a cure for all natural defects, fancy that even latent insanity will give way to their potent system! But I, who have known your cousin from his birth, have reason to think, Mr. Ashworth, that the vigilant eye of a father had already discerned his infirmity; and that Sir Ralph did not choose to trust him out of his sight."

"Poor Cuthbert!"

"Once or twice a year, of course, Miss Agnes made her appearance at Campley, lovelier and sweeter, and more amiable than ever; to be caressed by her two fathers, and worshipped by the infatuated boy, who, from the time he was fifteen, saw no object but *her* in the creation. There was something almost affecting, indeed, in the manner in which his soul was wrapt up in this little absent sister! When I used to meet him loitering beside the river with his tutor, or cantering along the high road to Campley, and stop him to inquire whether they had any news of Miss Agnes, his countenance always brightened into a supernatural expression, like an alabaster vase in which a lamp has been lighted."

"And did the attachment appear mutual?" I inquired, in a hesitating tone.

"My opportunities were few of seeing them together," replied the rector. "They were *said* to love each other dearly. But the rare occasions that placed them under my observation inspired me with an opinion that Miss Haggerston already experienced some strange sort of anxiety on Cuthbert's account. Something of his malady had probably demonstrated itself. Not to weary your patience, before the young lady had ceased to be a child in any other eyes than those of her worshipper, he acquainted his father of his determination to have no other wife, in terms which decided Sir Ralph Western to explain himself fully to the squire. Already Haggerston had a thousand times sworn in his presence that he would not give his daughter to the sovereign of the realm, unless he were of the Catholic persuasion, so that on that point they were fully understood; and it was only the excited state of Mr. Cuthbert's mind, and the dread of seeing him sink, like his mother, into an untimely grave, which induced his unhappy father to propose a compromise. And an unlucky one it proved."

Dr. Hipsley stopped short. For we had now reached the iron fence dividing the pleasure grounds of the hall from the park, just where a footpath, branching to the village, was to separate me from my companion. Leaning against the gate in a few hurried sentences he related the rest.

"Your uncle proposed," said he, "to settle his whole fortune on Agnes and her children, in the event of her marriage with Cuthbert. He even consented that his son should embrace the Roman Catholic faith. But the recantation, he said, must be grounded on *conviction*. His son must not, merely to obtain the hand of the girl he loved, abandon the faith which his ancestors had died on the field and the scaffold to establish. Father Dormer was of course prompt in his offers of instruction. But these were courteously declined. At Western or Campley, the old baronet considered

his son to be too much under the influence of associations connected with his besetting passion. And on pretence of affording him a wider field for controversial inquiry, but in reality, I suspect, trusting that change of scene and an extended sphere of observation would produce some change in his intentions, he despatched Mr. Cuthbert on a tour through France and Spain, attended by old Bernard, and an authorized preceptor. They spent the winter at Burgos."

"From whence he returned, of course, a bigoted Catholic!"

"He returned raving mad! The abstruse studies in which he was permitted to indulge, and the rage of doctrinal discussions agitated around him, proved too much for a brain already infirm. From that period the young man has enjoyed lucid intervals; but scarcely a month together of settled health."

"My poor, poor uncle!"

"Ay! I believe his self-upbraidings have been pretty severe! After all, he acted upon an error of judgment. Could he have supposed that the theological studies he proposed would produce so sad a result, I suspect he would have allowed his son to turn Mahomedan rather than risk his loss of intellect!"

"And Agnes?" said I, in a less assured voice.

"Agnes behaved like an angel!" was his terse reply. "Miss Haggerston is not so strict a Catholic as to have resisted my overtures of friendship. My love of Cuthbert, my admiration of Cuthbert, have obtained me some share of the confidence of this forlorn young girl; and it was from her own lips I learned much of their family history. Whenever our poor young friend is at the hall, her time is devoted to rendering his life pleasant—to ministering to his wishes—to compliance with his whims. When disease once more overtakes him, and he is removed to the Heath, she expends the interim of his absence in preparing for his return."

"They are doubtless in hopes that, sooner or later, he will recover sufficiently to enable them to carry out their original project?" I inquired with tremulous anxiety.

"The two fathers have more than once asserted him to be completely convalescent," rejoined Dr. Hipsley; "being convinced that a marriage with the object of his passionate love would perfect his recovery. But—" he paused.

"But—what?"

"Agnes will not hear of it! The devotedness of Miss Haggerston to your unfortunate cousin is all the more praiseworthy, that she entertains the greatest horror of insanity. She is never in his presence without a thrill of terror. Her heaviest task is to conceal from him the feelings of repugnance with which he inspires her."

"But how scandalous, in that case, to force her into his presence! How unpardonable on the part of my uncle to encroach upon her goodness of heart!"

"They probably expect that time and habits will reconcile her to the presence of the being so devoted to her. Besides, all reasonable hope of his recovery is not yet at an end. At this very moment I find wonders are predicted for him from a new mode of treatment. Let us pray, my dear Mr. Ashworth for a favorable result! And now, good morning. My road lies to the left. I will not fail to wait upon Sir Ralph Western to-morrow about the assistance to be given to the unfortunate sufferers at the Bardyn mine."

From Chambers' Journal.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WHIP.

THERE are three great nations which are addicted to the use of the whip as an instrument of punishment—the Chinese, the Russians, and the English; and it may not be uninteresting to trace the different modifications of the custom among them to their source in the national character.

The Chinese have at length begun to show themselves. We have dragged them into day by main force. Our fleet has thrown down their walls of concealment; and our missionaries, landing on the coasts in spite of their enraged functionaries, have planted the gospel in defiance of the law. We find this peculiar people, whose first modern compiler of ancient history flourished about the time of Herodotus, to be nothing more than old children. They have not got beyond the patriarchal regime; and although now comprising one third part of the human race, their government is the same in theory as that which ruled the tents of the fathers of Israel. We speak, of course, of the grand fundamental Thought, not of the complicated system of legislation by which so mighty a people are kept in order. This "thought" is composed of paternal duty on the one hand, and filial duty on the other. The emperor for the time being, no matter of what dynasty, is the father of the nation, and the people are his docile and reverent children. The imperial power is represented by the officers of the state, great and small, each under each, and finally by the fathers of families, who are each imperial in his own household. A youth will not sit without permission in his father's presence; the father pays similar respect to the lowest public functionary, and he to a higher, till the chain of reverence terminates with the emperor himself. Yes, terminates; for the emperor is the high priest as well as king. A common Chinese does not presume to communicate directly with the Heavens and the Earth, who are the supreme deities of the nation, but contents himself with paying divine honors to the emperor, whose business it is to mediate for all. Even his ancestors are inferior in spiritual dignity to the emperor, although he worships them likewise, and burns incense before their manes.

The principle of cohesion, therefore, in Chinese society, is that ceremony which regulates the gradation of ranks. The law cannot command respect, which is an act of the mind, but it commands the observance of certain forms implying respect. It regulates the number of obeisances at private as well as public meetings; it measures the depth of a bow or a courtsey; it is supreme over fashion itself. Even a lady dresses according to the statute. No man must dare to notice the varieties in temperature before his superiors. The governor of a province lets its inhabitants know when it is cold enough for a change of costume; and when the signal is given by these functionaries, all China puts on its winter-cap. But the law does not end here; it extends to the spiritual kingdom; and the gods and the geni are arranged with the nicest attention to the distinction of rank. When a mandarin, in travelling, lodges at a temple, he causes the statues of those divinities to be displaced who are of inferior grade to himself.

In all countries, there must be some penalty annexed to the lighter and more common infringements of the law; and in filial China, it will be seen, the most suitable one is a whipping. The rod appears, from the universal practice of mankind,

to be the natural instrument for the correction of children, and it is accordingly the instrument chosen by the paternal government of the Chinese to keep the sons of Han in order. When the emperor is displeased with his ministers, and the offence is not grave enough to require their being sent to Tartary, or condemned to stand sentry at the palace doors, he chastises them with a bamboo. The ministers keep their subordinates in mind of their duty by the same means; the subs transmit the whipping to those under them; and so on, till all China is soundly and continuously flogged. When an English ambassador was incommoded by the crowd of courtiers who gathered round him at the palace, one of the ministers of state, catching up a bamboo, rushed out among them and put them to flight. A magistrate makes his appearance in the streets with a bundle of rods for his insignia of office, and officers go before him to thrash the people out of his way. At a trial, these instruments of punishment are placed in awful array before the bench; and sentence is executed upon the spot, by the offender being laid down upon his face in open court, and receiving the chastisement allotted to him.

But the government of China is not merely patriarchal, but scholastic: the people are at once children and scholars; and in both capacities the rod would seem to be their due. Some of our readers will be surprised to hear that the Chinese are the most universally educated people in the world except one, and that that one is the Japanese. In China, education is one of the chief employments of the state; and the periodical examinations of the schools keep the country in greater excitement than a general election in England. The successful students are sent to Peking, where they are feasted by the emperor in person; they rise, through various gradations, to public employment and public honors; and, according to a provision of the constitution, (frequently, however, infringed,) they must necessarily form a certain proportion of the great officers of state. The unsuccessful students, we need hardly add, are whipped.

Let us account, by way of parenthesis, for what will appear, after all this, a very extraordinary circumstance—namely, that Chinese literature, although the most abundant, is not the best in the world. The reason is, that the classics are to the students what a father is to his children, or the emperor to his people. No man must be so disrespectful as to surpass them. Original views would be laughed at as folly, or punished as impiety; and thus Chinese literature has continued to move in one dull circle ever since the time of Confucius. When the present emperor's father, surprised and indignant at the confusion created in the empire by Christianity, desired to see the New Testament, it was translated on purpose, and put into his hands. The imperial critic perused it attentively, and then setting it down with calm contempt, remarked that it was not classical!

But to return. In China, the women are not whipped—a distinction which points to the generally gentle and humane character of the people. It is true their poor toes are bandaged in childhood in a way which fills the house with screams for about six years; but most civilized nations have some analogous practice. The Japanese contort inwards the hips of the women, so as to give them the waddle of a goose; and the English compress their waists to an extent fatal to health, dangerous to life, and absurd and unnatural in appearance.

In fine, the whip among the Chinese may be reckoned a congenial instrument of punishment, to which no idea of disgrace is attached, and which appears wonderfully well calculated to achieve its object, in the preservation of peace and order among the people.

In Russia, the form of government has got beyond the patriarchal; but it is at present in that transition state wherein are exhibited only the coarser features of civilization. The people are no longer children, but serfs; and the emperor no longer a father, but a master. This is a period that is always pregnant with great changes, for the king and nobles are on different sides, bidding against each other for the suffrages of the people. While the revolution is growing, however, the people are suffering. The exigence of the masters' position renders it impossible for them to take much care of the intellectual cultivation of their inferiors. Few appeals are made but to the coarser parts of their nature. The whip in Russia, here called the knout, is the national instrument of punishment as in China; but instead of being associated with ideas of paternal care, as under a patriarchal government, it has a character of unredeemed brutality. Its lightness or severity depends not upon the law, but the functionaries—a few blows of an instrument designed for temporary chastisement sufficing to destroy life. Women, and those of the highest rank too, and the most delicate nurture, are flogged as mercilessly as men; and every proprietor of land has a whip for his serfs as well as for his cattle.

The Russians, it may be supposed, do not take very kindly to the whip. On the contrary, it is the cause of a great many of the murders that are committed by the laboring upon the higher classes. Some years ago, a servant in Moscow having committed a fault, was flogged, and then sent to his master's country-seat with a letter. As the man trudged along the dreary road with his galled back, it may be supposed he was not entirely at peace with the world; but there was at least rest in the distance, and he was perhaps glad when the red roof of the chateau appeared blazing through the trees. A portion of the contents of the letter, however, directed the bearer to be flogged again on his arrival; which was done. The fellow grew absolutely sulky!—He was insolent! This could not be borne; and he was despatched back again to the town with a missive describing his offence—and flogged as before. Perhaps this quieted him; perhaps he saw the uselessness of taking the thing amiss; or perhaps there was sulkiness in his very silence—rebellion even in the sturdiness with which he bore his agony. It was necessary to try. He was sent back to the chateau, and flogged again! and then, the experiment and the lesson being no doubt complete, he was returned to Moscow for the last time. The man went calmly into his master's presence, delivered his despatches, and drawing from his side a hatchet, usually worn by the Russian peasant, literally hewed him in pieces. He then called his fellow-servants to see what he had done, and gave himself up to justice.

The Russians, notwithstanding the knout, are a very good-humored people, bearing a sort of European resemblance, physically, to the Tartars, to whom the Chinese bear a more striking resemblance. The women, we have said, are flogged; and, what is perhaps worse, they do not join freely in the amusements of the men. It is curious to see a group of men dancing gravely on the high-road of a village, and close by, a separate group of

females, each being absorbed in the feats of its own sex. As for the upper classes, they affect not to be Russian at all. Their language is usually French, German, or English; they pique themselves upon employing only foreign tradesmen; and they drink vast quantities of Champagne, instead of an excellent mousseux wine of their own from the Caucasus, which costs only a fourth part of the price. But this might be expected. They are ashamed of the uncivilized condition of their countrymen; and this will never be ameliorated till the knout is abolished.

The English are the third and last great nation in our category, and with them we shall be brief, for, in point of fact, the whip is only a national instrument with them as regards those professions that are reckoned par excellence honorable. The whip, indeed, might be supposed to be anti-national; for in some way or other it has fallen, almost spontaneously, into disuse among the body of the people. The military were less influenced by the spirit of the time, partly because soldiers were less educated, and partly because any discontent in their ranks is called sedition, and punishable by the articles of war. The number of lashes was reduced from time to time, but no one ever thought of changing the mode of punishment. Officers knew nothing so effective as the "cat," because nothing else was ever tried. They declared that the army could not be held together without it, because the army had, throughout their whole time, been held together with it. Even recently, when the death of a sufferer from the lash, and a simultaneous cry of indignation from the whole people, called for the abolition of a mode of punishment so uncertain, indeed so casual in its severity, and so degrading, and, as it is styled, un-English in itself, the new liberal government resisted, on the plea that old officers (meaning chiefly the Duke of Wellington) were of opinion that it would be unsafe. The interference of the people, however, proves clearly that the military are no longer an isolated body, but have become a portion of themselves; and the plans that are now being adopted for the spread of education among them will of themselves do away with the whip. The thirty years' peace that has followed a twenty years' war, appears as yet to have no chance of interruption, and the soldiers will more and more amalgamate with the people, till, by and by, what remains of the "cat" will be swept away from the penal code, not as anything actually mischievous, but merely as a portion of the useless lumber of antiquity.

It is curious that, almost at the very moment when the reign of the lash is virtually brought to an end at home, it should be reëstablished in our Indian army. It was abolished by Lord William Bentinck, one of the most enlightened of the governors-general, expressly on account of its tendency to prevent respectable persons from entering the service; and since then, the average instances of insubordination have certainly not been more numerous than before—probably quite the other way. Some of these, however, occurred during or just after the unhappy Affghan war, and immediately there arose a cry from the "experienced officers" (inexperienced in every other kind of restraint) for the restoration of the whip. This was listened to complacently by the commander-in-chief, one of the most experienced and illustrious of them all; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of numerous other officers, the measure was carried into effect by the late administration.

The people of England, we are afraid, feel very little interest in their Indian fellow-subjects; and many regard as the type of the nation the effeminate and small-limbed Bengalese, who hire themselves as domestic servants in Calcutta, and receive the blows of the ungentlemanly portion of their masters without a murmur. But the army is recruited almost exclusively in the upper provinces, and consists, generally speaking, of men of high and chivalrous spirit, and physically much superior to their European comrades. With them the grand principles are military honor, and "fidelity to their salt;" and although the lash may keep them in order, it can only do so, we fear, by debasing their character, and transforming them from gallant soldiers into crouching slaves. Let us hope that the present liberal government will not forget the Indian part of this important question; but, to insure their bestowing upon it the requisite attention, it would be desirable that the subject should be taken up with spirit by the public, and by our fellow-laborers of the press.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LUMBERER AND THE SETTLER IN THE BUSH.

LUMBER is the general name in America for timber, and it is the business of the lumberer to penetrate into the primeval forests, and occupy himself during one period of the year in hewing down the trees, which at another period he conveys, by the lakes and rivers, to the settlements of men. Such an employment, it may be supposed, has no beneficial effect upon the character. Buried among the woods during the entire winter with his desperate comrades, the lumberer has only one task—chopping; and only two amusements—drinking and smoking. When summer comes, and the rivers, loosed from their chains, begin anew to bound, and rush, and roar, he forms his acquisitions into rafts; and the monotonous labors, and equally monotonous pleasures, of winter, are followed by a course of wild and desperate adventure as he plunges down the rapids. The third phase in his existence is presented by the town, where he drowns the recollection of his toils and dangers in the lowest debauchery, and is perfectly satisfied if his hard-earned dollars last till it is time to betake himself to the woods again.

The lumberer is of great importance to the trade of Canada; and being likewise the pioneer of the settler, he must form one of the prominent figures in any general picture of the country. Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, in his amusing work recently published, gives some particulars, which go at least a certain way towards a portrait; and we propose extracting as much as we think of any interest, and appending to it a similar sketch of the settler in the bush.

"Picture to yourself, child of luxury, sitting on a cushioned sofa, in a room where the velvet carpet renders a footfall noiseless, where art is exhausted to afford comfort, and where even the hurricane cannot disturb your perusal of this work, a wood reaching without limit, excepting the oceans, either salt or fresh water, which surround Canada, and where to lose the track is hopeless starvation and death; figure the giant pines towering to the clouds, gloomy and Titan-like, throwing their vast arms to the skyey influences, and making a twilight of mid-day, at whose enormous feet a thicket of bushes,

almost as high as your head, prevents your progress without the pioneer axe; or a deep and black swamp for miles together renders it necessary to crawl from one fallen monarch of the wood onwards to the decaying and prostrate bole of another, with an occasional plunge into the mud and water which they bridge; eternal silence reigning, disturbed only by your feeble efforts to advance—and you may form some idea of a red pine land, rocky and uneven, or a cedar swamp, black as night, dark, dismal, and dangerous.

"Here, after you have hewed or crept your toiling way, you see, some yards or some hundred yards, as the forest is close or open, before you, a light-blue curling smoke amongst the dank and lugubrious scene; you hear a dull, distant, heavy, sudden blow, frequent and deadened, followed at long intervals by a tremendous rending, crashing, overwhelming rush; then all is silent, till the voice of the guardian of man is heard growling, snarling, or barking outright, as you advance towards the blue smoke, which has now, by an eddy of the wind, filled a large space between the trees. You stand before the fire, made under three or four sticks set up tentwise, to which a large caldron is hung, bubbling and seething, with a very strong odor of fat pork; a boy, dirty and ill-favored, with a sharp glittering axe, looks very suspiciously at you, but calls off his wolfish dog, which sneaks away.

"A moment shows you a long hut, formed of logs of wood, with a roof of branches, covered by birch-bark, and by its side, or near the fire, several nondescript sties or pens, apparently for keeping pigs in, formed of branches close to the ground, either like a boat turned upside down, or literally as a pig-sty is formed, as to shape. In the large hut, which is occasionally more luxurious, and made of slabs of wood, or of rough boards, if a saw-mill is within reasonable distance, and there is a passable wood road, or creek, or rivulet, navigable by canoes, you see some barrel or two of pork, and of flour, or biscuit, or whiskey, some tools, and some old blankets or skins. Here you are in the lumberer's winter home—I cannot call him woodman; it would disgrace the ancient and ballad-sung craft; for the lumberer is not a gentle woodman, and you need not sing sweetly to him to 'spare that tree.'

"The larger dwelling is the hall—the common hall—and the pig-sties the sleeping-places. I presume that such a circumstance as polling off habiliments or ablution seldom occurs; they roll themselves in a blanket or skin, if they have one; and as to water, they are so frequently in it during the summer, that I suppose they wash half the year unintentionally. Fat pork, the fattest of the fat, is the lumberer's luxury; and as he has the universal rifle or fowling-piece, he kills a partridge, a bear, or a deer now and then. Up to their waists in snow in winter, and up to their waists in water in summer and autumn, with all the moving accidents by flood and field—the occasional breaking up of the raft in a rapid—the difficulty of the winter and spring transport of the heavy logs of squared timber out of the deep and trackless woods—combine to form a portion of the hard and reckless life of a lumberer, whose *morale* is not much better than his *physique*. And a curious sight is a raft, joined together, not with ropes, but with the limbs and thews of the swamp or blue beech, which is the natural cordage of Canada, and is used for scaffolding and packing. A raft a quarter of a mile long—I hope I do not exaggerate, for it may be half a

mile, never having measured one but by the eye—with its little huts of boards, its apologies for flags and streamers, its numerous little masts and sails, its cooking caboose, and its contrivances for anchoring and catching the wind by slanting boards, with the men, who appear on its surface as if they were walking on the lake, is curious enough; but to see it in *drams*, or detached portions, sent down foaming and darting along the timber slides of the Ottawa or the restless and rapid Trent, is still more so; and fearful it is to observe its *conducteur*, who looks in the rapid by no means so much at his ease as the functionary of that name to whom the Paris diligence is intrusted. Numberless accidents happen; the *drams* are torn to pieces by the violence of the stream; the rafts are broken by storm and tempest; the men get drunk and fall over; and altogether it appears extraordinary that a raft put together at the Trent village for its final voyage to Quebec should ever reach its destination, the transport being at least four hundred and fifty miles—and many go much further—through an open and ever-agitated fresh-water sea, and amongst the intricate channels of the Thousand Islands, and down the tremendous rapids of the Longue Sault, the Gallope, the Cedars, the Cascades, &c.

"The lumberer's life is truly an unhappy one, for, when he reaches the end of the raft's voyage, whatever money he may have made goes to the fiddle, the female, or the fire-water; and he starts again as poor as at first, living perhaps by a rare chance to the advanced age, for a lumberer, of forty years."

But there is some hope, we are happy to say, even for the lumberer. On Lake Ontario it is already customary to cut down, or otherwise alter, condemned steamers, and rig them as barques or ships, into which the lumber is shipped, and carried to the St. Lawrence. "One step more, and they will, as soon as the canals are widened, proceed from Lake Superior to London without a raft being ever made."

The settler in the bush is in a very different position from the lumberer, whom he looks upon as a sort of wild beast. Our author gives an equally striking picture of the former, in the persons of a young friend of his own and his wife, who established themselves in Seymour West, in the Newcastle district, about a hundred and twenty miles northwest of Kingston, and upwards of twenty miles in the bush from the main stream of settlement.

"My young friend commenced in this secluded region—where the outer barbarian was never seen, and seldom heard of, where even the troubles of 1837-8 never showed themselves—his location upon one hundred acres. He had received the very best education which a public institution in England could afford; but circumstances obliged him, at the early age of twenty-five, to turn his thoughts, with a young wife, to 'life in the bush,' as a sole provision. The partner of his cares, equally well educated, and of an ancient family, by the death of her father, who was high in office in his country's service, was left equally unprovided for. Their first undertaking was to clear an acre or two of the forest, and crop it with grain and potatoes; then to build a log-house. In all this they were assisted by friends and neighbors, as far as the limited means of those friends and neighbors—who were all similarly engaged, and the settlement containing not more than four or five families—would admit of.

"My young friend really set his shoulder to the wheel, and did not call upon Hercules whiningly. He had a fondness for carpenter's work, and having cut down the huge pine trees on his *lot*—for so a property is called in Canada West—he hewed them, squared them, and dovetailed them; he quarried stone with infinite toil, burnt lime, and in the space of two years had a decent log-palace, consisting of two large rooms, and a kitchen and cellar, with an excellent chimney, a well, which he dug himself, and a very large framed barn, which he built himself, the only outlay being for nails, shingles to cover his roofs, and boards. These he had to bring with oxen and a wagon from the saw-mills at Percy, many miles off, and by the most hideous road I ever saw, even in Canada. He split his own rails, made his own fences, and cleared his own forest. This first settlement was commenced in 1840; and when I saw it in 1845, he had nearly thirty acres cleared, and this clearance, and his really good house, let to a settler just arrived. By a freak of fortune, a connexion, who occupied the adjacent farm of two hundred acres, and had had the command of money, died, and his property was left to the young couple. They had now a family growing about them, and, as they were very old friends of mine, they asked me to come and see 'life in the bush.'

"Farmer Harry, as we will call my young friend, had now three, instead of two hundred acres to attend to; but he had a flock of sheep, a pair of oxen, the *span* of horses I brought for him, several cows, much poultry, and a whole drove of pigs, with barns full of wheat, peas, hay, and oats; an excellent garden, a fine little brook full of trout at his door, plenty of meadow, and his harvest just over. To help him, he had a hired man, who drove the oxen and assisted in ploughing; and to bring in his harvest, there were three hired laborers, at two shillings and sixpence a day each, and their food and beds, with two maid-servants, one to assist in the dairy. Labor, constant and toilsome labor, was still necessary in order to make the farm pay; for there is no market near, and everything is to be bought by barter. Salt, tea, sugar, and all the little luxuries must be had by giving wheat, peas, timber, oats, barley, the fleeces of the sheep, salted pork, or any other exchangeable property; and thus constant care and constant supervision of the employed, as well as constant personal labor, are requisite in Canada on a farm for very many years before its owner can sit down and say, 'I will now take mine ease.' The female part of the family must spin, weave, make homespun cloth, candles, salt the pork, make butter for sale, and even sell poultry and eggs whenever required; in short, they must, however delicately brought up, turn their hands to everything, to keep the house warm. The labor of bringing home logs for fuel in winter is not one of the least in a farm, and then these logs have to be sawed and split into convenient lengths for the fireplaces and stoves.

"But all this may be achieved, if done cheerfully; and to show that it can, I will add that, amidst all this labor, my young friend was building himself a dam, where the beavers, in times when that politic and hard-working little trowel-tailed race owned his property, had seen the value of collecting the waters of the brook. He was repairing their decayed labors, for the purpose of washing his sheep, of getting a good fish-pond, and of keeping a bath always full for the comfort of his family. What a change in ten years! The forest, which

had been silent and untrodden since the beavers first heard afar off the sound of the white men's axes, was now converted into a smiling region, in which a prattling brook ran meandering at the foot of gently-swelling hill-sides, on which the snowy sheep were browsing and the cattle lowing."

We have said that the work from which these pictures are taken is entertaining; but it is something more; it is honest. And the author himself is amusingly sensible of this fact, and boasts that the opinions of such casual observers are much more worth having than those of literary men and women who roam about the world for the express purpose of giving their opinion. The assertion is obviously wrong in theory, but somehow or other it is right in fact. Perhaps the reason is, that the word "literary" has in our day a signification which did not originally belong to it. Everybody is now literary who has written a novel or contributed a copy of verses to the annuals; and, being literary, he may start across the Atlantic any day he chooses, *approfondir* the Americans at a glance, and enlighten the world with his opinions. But the truth is, the works of "literary" men and women on this subject are not illustrations of the country and the people, but merely of their own idiosyncrasies. How can it be otherwise? Is experience in tales or sonnets sufficient to make up for the hard reading, hard writing, hard thinking, which once distinguished a literary man? If a clever man or woman, destitute of the knowledge which can only come through study and experience, select an arduous and complicated subject, the result may be a readable, nay, an interesting or a charming book; but no person of common sense will take it for anything more valuable than a specimen of the style and manner of the gifted author.

From the Examiner.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of King George IV. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M. F.R.S.E.

Second Series. From the Revolution of 1688 to the Death of Lord Chancellor Thurlow in 1806. Two vols. Murray.

FIFTEEN lives are comprised in this second instalment of the debt with which Lord Campbell, much to the general pleasure and instruction, has voluntarily charged his learned leisure and honorable love of letters. We shall restrict our present notice to the nine dignitaries who occupy the first of these volumes.

We have again to praise Lord Campbell's diligence and acuteness. The volume lacks none of the lively and agreeable qualities of its predecessor. And as the personages dealt with become more familiar to us, Lord Campbell's style becomes less objectionable. With some folk, as Swift has it, we are bound to be "mighty mannerly." It is not so with others. What the Dean of St. Patrick calls "Temple jests" (in contempt of the coarseness of lawyer breeding) agree very pleasantly with particular sons of the Temple. Lord Campbell has an undoubted right to talk of "flummery" or "slang," when he happens to be arm-in-arm, or "lolling back in his coach," with Harcourt or with Thurlow. But that kind of talk suits less with the staid, stern forms of the days of our Henrys and Edwards.

Thus we find ourselves better reconciled in this

volume than in its predecessors to the agreeable anecdotal details of his own history, which Lord Campbell is fond of blending with the histories of his heroes. We can have no objection, here, to have him talk of his "clan" and his "clansmen;" fuss and flurry about "the name of Campbell;" tell us what he advised for treason in the days of his attorney-generalship, and what he counselled for misdemeanor; trace his pedigree of legal distinction back through Tidd up to Serjeant Runnington and old Tom Warren, handing its reversion down to David Dundas; give us anecdotes of his reporting days; confess his personal pride in the honor of the great seal; hint his ex-cancellarian sighs for another embrace of the woollack; quote the account of his own appearance at the opening of Lincoln's Inn Hall; or, in short, say or do anything he would be most likely to say or do at the bench table in Lincoln's Inn. We may doubt whether the fact be as he asserts it, that Prince Albert's "most gracefully" entering the dinner hall of that respectable society "after Henry Tancred, Esq., M.P. for Banbury, the Treasurer," has a tendency "to strengthen the throne, and to perpetuate the liberties of the people;"—but that is matter of opinion. We may think that his patronage of greatness goes hardly far enough when he remarks that the statue of Oliver Cromwell "is *very properly* to appear in the new palace at Westminster, *among our distinguished generals and statesmen*," for our own parts believing that Oliver should rather have had a place among our distinguished rulers and sovereigns;—but this again is matter of opinion, and people will think differently thereon. What they will not differ about, we fancy, is as to the large amount and variety of instruction and amusement which Lord Campbell has contributed, by his present work, to English biographical literature.

His preface to the volume we are noticing contains a lengthy record of thanks for family papers and private correspondence entrusted to him by several of the representatives of the later chancellors. This in itself is proof of the general and hearty approval bestowed upon his labors. We shall not say that it has probably imposed, here and there, a little more restraint than a biographer should have been subject to, in treating of the persons of his biography. We think a reasonable degree of tenderness and liking (short of tolerance of any flagrant misdoing) pardonable in matters of this kind. We must ourselves make the due allowance if we see Lord Cowper's greatness a little exaggerated, Lord Harcourt's trimming somewhat smoothed away, Lord Thurlow's evil qualities abated. The honest materials for sterner judgment are in no case withheld.

The greater part of this volume is laid in the reigns of William and Anne; its more important lives are those of Somers, Cowper, and Harcourt; and that of Cowper is richest in original details. We are sorry we cannot admit, on the whole, that Lord Campbell shows himself thoroughly versed in this particular and very notable period. Great gaps are to be noted in his reading; and the exact position of his heroes, in relation to the brilliant, restless, unscrupulous, egotistical intrigues that then formed and constituted History, is at times loosely and imperfectly given. His painting often wants perspective. It was once cleverly said (and by a competent judge) that lawyers of all others seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but ignorant how to adjust

the several parts, or regulate the movement. We observe a similar defect in Lord Campbell (if we may substitute biography for government) in the occasional failure of a proper adjustment of his anecdotes to the events they illustrate, and a disproportion between special parts and his general purpose. But, with these drawbacks, we have had no account of any one of the three chancellors named, important as was the position they assumed in history, to compare with what Lord Campbell has given us here. He has also supplied us with a very fair and interesting notice of Lord Maclesfield; and by his easy and practised style, his pleasant anecdote, and sensible criticism, has imparted interest even to the memoir of that somewhat dry lord chancellor, Peter first lord king.

Maynard and Trevor, William's first lords commissioners, open this volume, and occupy a little too much space for characters so essentially worthless either in the way of warning or example. We pass from them (venturing only to assure Lord Campbell, that Maynard would have profited infinitely by a much larger infusion of "puritanical cant" than nature or education had blessed him with) to the life of Somers. Here we have much care, a reverential regard for the subject, several details of interest gathered from scattered sources, and an excellent spirit discernible throughout. Lord Campbell candidly remarks, in the course of it, that "the aristocratic whigs have ever been slow to associate with themselves in high office any one who cannot boast of distinguished birth;" but, in a later passage, gives them the credit of having set Harley the example of patronizing literary men. He might have added that the tory lord treasurer greatly bettered their example. The cold patronage of the whigs lost them Swift, Parnell, and Prior. The friendly familiarity of Harley brought all three to his side. Inimitable is that entry of the *Journal to Stella* which describes Swift's first interview with the man whose memory can never be wholly hateful as long as the writings of Swift survive. "Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Doblane, (or some such name,) and his own son, and among others, Will. Penn the Quaker. We sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; when he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish. Told me he must bring Mr. St. John (secretary of state) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me, (what a comical mistake was that,) I mean, he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at *St. James' Coffee-House* in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well."

We take one or two extracts from the life of Somers:

EDUCATION OF A STATESMAN.

"Let those who embrace the common notion in England that a gentleman having merely gone through the common routine of education at school and college, and having afterwards spent his life in

rural amusements, in reading the newspapers, and occasionally attending Parliament, is qualified at any time to fill a high office under the crown, and to act as a consummate statesman, remember that this was not the way in which Somers learned how to rescue a nation from tyranny, to bring about a revolution without bloodshed, and nicely to balance the antagonist forces of a constitutional monarchy. He studied politics as a science. Making himself master of the history and antiquities of his own country, and collecting and reading all that had been published on both sides during the memorable struggle between the king and the Parliament, which terminated before his birth, but of which he had heard so much from his father, he applied himself diligently to the civil history of other countries, ancient and modern; and he attentively pondered all that had been written on constitutions and the art of government, from Aristotle to Hobbes."

A LAWYER'S LOVE OF PHILOSOPHY AND LETTERS.

"Apart from politics, his conduct is still more to be admired, as being more rare among English lawyers, who generally, while in practice, or in office, devote themselves exclusively to professional avocations, and in their retirement, left without mental resources, waste their declining years in frivolous occupations or in vain regrets.* Lord Somers presents the *beau idéal* of an ex-chancellor—active in his place in Parliament when he could serve the state, and devoting his leisure to philosophy and literature. He had long been a fellow of the Royal Society: he now regularly attended its meetings, and assisted in its transactions; and being elected the president, he did everything in his power to extend its credit and its usefulness. Having held this distinguished post five years, he gracefully resigned it to Sir Isaac Newton. He made a noble use of the wealth he had honorably acquired, by purchasing a fine collection of paintings, engravings, medals, and books—becoming possessed of almost every edition of the Bible that had ever been printed, and of an immense mass of tracts, printed and manuscript, on English history and antiquities. He lived much with literary men, and liberally aided such as were oppressed by poverty."

SOMERS' DISAPPOINTMENT IN MARRIAGE.

"When solicitor-general he had paid his addresses to a young lady, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. This was a Miss Anne Bawdon, daughter of Sir John Bawdon, a wealthy alderman of London. When the lovers had plighted their mutual troth, and thought that a long career of domestic happiness was before them, the flinty-hearted father asked what settlement was to be made upon his daughter, corresponding to the fortune he meant to bestow upon her? A rental (rather a short one) was actually given in. Somers' patrimony was very moderate, and he added little

* There has been at least one splendid exception. A right reverend prelate, whose name, if I were at liberty to mention it, would be considered a grace to my page, thus writes to me: "I remember travelling many years ago, with Sir S. Romilly one stage in his carriage, which was filled with the best books of the general literature of the day. To a remark from me that I rejoiced to see that he found time for such reading, he answered, 'As soon as I found I was to be a busy lawyer for life, I strenuously resolved to keep up my habit of non-professional reading; for I had witnessed so much misery in the last years of many great lawyers whom I had known, from their loss of all taste for books, that I regarded their fate as my warning.'"

to it himself, having begun practice late, and having been more solicitous about reputation than money. The sordid city knight cared little for the fair character or the bright prospects of the poor solicitor general, and, declaring the house at Whiteladies and the farm at Severn Stoke, to be no provision for a widow, an eldest son, and younger children, peremptorily broke off the match, and compelled the weeping girl to accept an offer from a rich Turkey merchant;—a step he is said to have heartily repented, when, at the end of three years, he whom he had rejected for his son-in-law being made lord keeper of the great seal, Sir John Bawdon wished, like Sir Giles Overreach, that he could have seen his 'right honorable daughter.' After this disappointment, which he keenly felt, Somers thought no more of the marriage state, and devoted himself to his public duties and the cultivation of literature and science."

Lord Campbell enriches his memoir of Lord Cowper with several very curious and some very charming letters. To the latter class, we think, belong all those addressed by the chancellor to his second wife. She was a woman of extraordinary vivacity and accomplishments, and seems to have made a much deeper impression than her predecessor on the heart of her lord and husband. It was she who, on going to court, hit (for a marvel) upon the original expedient of "never telling a lie" there, and (as a marvel) found it tell wonderfully. The letter we quote refers to some expressions in a former letter of her husband's which she seems to have misunderstood, but the delightful feeling that pervades it needs no illustrative comment.

"Dec. 21, 1706—11 night.

"My D. M.

"I cannot go to rest without expressing, so as you may have it early to-morrow, my concern and amazement to consider by what steps you could collect so much disquiet from so harmless a passage. I cannot recollect I said any one thing that should give my life ye least occasion for such a charge as I find in yr letter; heaven is my witness I never did nor meant to reproach you for anything, nor did I ever believe or think I had ye least reason so to do; much less for the quality you mention from which I ever did and do think you the furthest removed of any one under heaven. The only expression on my part yt could be said to sound like reproof, was, yt I would wait on you o' Saturd. notwithstanding which I intended only for, and I really think was no other, than a kind reproof, for your unreasonable modesty; and 'tis my want of skill, if it be not ye language of a Lover. I am sure it proceeded from a heart entirely, at the moment it spoke, possessed with that passion for you, fully convince'd of your great merit, for which I really revere you, and perfectly satisfied of your loving me to the extent of my eagrest wishes. If I have any fault to find, 'tis rather yt you love too much; nothing else could from so small a spark blow up such a flame of apprehension that, believe me, are unwarrantable. The expression in my letter, wherein I mention yr frown, is utterly perverted by my d. Love's melancholy fancy; if you look again, you 'll find it nothing but raillery, and I meant it only to make you merry; so yt I was extremely concerned to find you undertake it as gravely as you do. I never thought of being at Camilla to-morrow, but some time in Xmas, as you 'll find by my letter on a review; and yet that you apprehend as if I meant to goe though you did

not. I am very desirous to set all your mistakes right, and in order to do it, will wait on you the first minute I can to-morrow (Saturday.) There is nothing I have so much at heart as to please you all in my words and actions; and therefore I am very unfortunate whenever, contrary to my endeavors, it proves otherwise. I can never mean better, but since I see how dangerous it is to jest upon so nice a subject, I shall learn hereafter to tread with more care, and not leave ye most innocent expression, if I can, to a possibility of misconstruction. I 'll conclude with owning I am highly guilty of ye vanity of believing what you desire me to believe in ye conclusion of yr letter; and in gratitude, I hope you 'll give me credit, when I assure you I have no prospect in life I set ye least value upon, but the continuance of yo favor, and ye unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction I shall ever find in doing you all the good that is in my power. God bless us. Good night!"

We doubt if there was on record any literary effort of any of our chancellors (not even of the boy-bachelor Wolsey) as early as eight years old—until Lord Campbell printed the following:

"Dear Mother,

"I thank you for my Bow and Arrows, which I shall never use. But when my master Gives us leave to play. I shall hereafter take more care of my spelling and writing even without ruled lines. My mistress was well brought to Bed of a Daughter on Sunday was Seaven-night, who is to be Christened to-day. I hope my Brothers John and Spencer are both very well. I present my humble Duty to my Father and Mother, with my love to my Brothers, remaining,

"Your ever obedient Sonne,
"WILLIAM COOPER.

"St. Alban's, October 27, 1672."

The two letters subjoined are to Cowper's first wife; also, it should be said, a lady of beauty and wit:

A YOUNG LAW-STUDENT'S FIRST LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

"Dearest Madam,

"My father hath been with me and employed me some part of this afternoon with himself, and hath ordered me to make some inquiries after a servant; so that I must be worse than my desire in not seeing you this afternoon. I wish my thoughts, that are so often with you when I am not, were not invisible: then you might save yourself the trouble of reading such like notes, and see at one view how discontented and vexed they are when I cannot wait on you. You would see how forward and impatient they grow under any other business, and I'm sure without farther apology would excuse me and forgive my absence for their very looks. But since this cannot be, be so good as to think 'em truly and plainly expressed in this paper of

"Your very humble and affectionate Servant,
"WILL. COWPER.

"Temple, June 19, —86."

A YOUNG BARRISTER'S FIRST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

"I have to tell you, my dear Judith, that I have made my maiden motion in the King's Bench, and that by the help of self-persuasion and reasoning with myself, without much of the bashfulness I am naturally inclined to. Upon asking the standers-by their opinion of my Performance, they only

found fault that I did not interweave what I said with civil expressions enough to his Lordship, as 'May it please your Lordship,' and 'I am humbly to move your Lordship,' and the like. But that fault will be amended for the future, and to that end you shall find me begin to practise my extraordinary civility on your sweet self. I delivered your letter to your Father with my own hand, who is very well except that his leg begins to trouble him a little again. I was yesterday in the afternoon to see my Lady Parker, who is very well, and sends her service to you all at Hertford. I must keep room to present my Duty to my dear Mother, and to subscribe myself as in duty bound,

"Your very faithful and obedient Husband,

"WILL. COWPER.

"Middle Temple, June 28, —88."

We may also quote, as very creditable to the retired chancellor, what was written by him at the close of his life to Sir Isaac Newton, in acknowledgment of one of the publications of the philosopher:

"Colegreen, 29 Au. 1713.

"Sr,

"I chose not to acknowledge & thank you for ye receipt of a very valuable present, your book, till I had read it. It became me, I am sensible, to have made you my compliments upon it in ye same language, but my disuse of writing in Latin, considered with the perfection in wch you do it, (I will venture to say preferably to ye learned Italian, your correspondent,) quite discouraged me. I find you have taken occasion to do justice abroad to the character of that truly great man, my Lord Somers; but give me leave to say, ye other parts of ye book (in which he seems at first sight not to be concerned) are a lasting instance, among innumerable others, of his clear judgment in recommending ye fittest person in ye whole kingdō to that employment, which gave a rise to so learned a correspondence. I am with all sincerity,

"Yr most obliged &

"humble Servt,

"COWPER."

We find, too, in the course of his family correspondence, a familiar maxim, extremely well worth preserving:

"My mother was to visit Mr. Justice W——'s study to choose some books to read. On his desk, just against him, so that his eyes must frequently direct themselves to it, there is writ this following distich, or couple of verses of his own composing (as he assured my mother over and over:)

"In Wisdom's school this maxim I have got

That 't is much better to be pleased than not."

I tell you the author that I may not arrogate to myself this metrical maxim, which is likely to prove so beneficial to you and all that hear it."

We have shown Harley winning over the whig priest and writer. Lord Campbell quotes from a diary of Lord Cowper's (already privately printed) a graphic picture of his less successful attempt to win over the whig lawyer and statesman. His intrigues, on forming his administration, to retain Cowper and other members of the whig party, have always been well understood; they could have been described so well by none but Cowper himself. It is very curious. The old whig had some misgivings in his virtue, after all.

"Munday, 18. 5 o'Clock. Mr. H. came to mo

& made great Expressions of his Esteem &c.; owned he came by the Q. leave & D. of Shrewsbury's consent, & undertook for L. Harcets Approbation, to offer me to continue in my station, to act with me with Confidence and better friendship than the Junto had for me. He could say much of that, but would accuse none.—Gave me the History of the 3 months past, short & broken so that hard to be remembered. [Then follows a confused statement of intrigues between Godolphin, Marlborough, Harley, St. John, Harcourt, and Shrewsbury.] Used all Arguments possible to persuade me to stay in place:—All should be easy:—The Danger of going out:—a Whig Game intended at bottom; enumerated wt Whigs in; declined (shuffling) to tell all the Removes intended, tho asked; endeavored to possess me with opinion of Injustice of Ld Tr and D. of Marl. towards him, & much broken unintelligible Matter *prout Mos* &c. To which I express'd great Honor done by his kind Advances; but as to my staying in, shew'd him a design I had open'd to Ld Tr before I knew his interest decay'd of getting a sneer being weary of my place; that being so indifferent towards it, I was not prepared to bear much for it: that I had already tasted Mortifications from Ld Dartm. encouraged as I had reason to believe from . . . ; that things were plainly put into Tory's hands; a Whig Game, either in whole or in part, impossible; that to keep in, when all my friends were out, wōd be infamous; that in a little time when any Tory of Interest would press for my place, he must needs have it; that it was necessary a man in that place who had so much to do & judge of, should sit easy in his mind as to the circumstances he was in; that 'twas impossible I shōd be so during Measures I could not but think hurtful to the publick, & contrary to the true Interest of my Countrey; and on the whole desired him not to think of continuing me, but only to prepare the Q: to believe my true professions—that I wōd always endeavor to serve her, to assist her against any hard Attempts on either side, & to live well with the Ministry when I was out of place, if they pleas'd to allow me that favor.—He seem'd not much to believe my declining to stay in, & after much discourse, desiring me not to resolve, went away."

Lord Campbell remarks that Harley's hint of the "danger of going out" reminds him of a saying of Lord Melville's: "Never resign; for when you are once out, the Lord Almighty only knows when you may get in again."

From the same diary we take a curious memorandum of what befel a small military party of which Cowper made one, when the news of the landing of William of Orange roused so many ardent whigs to go forth and meet him. The "extreme civility" of William to "all sorts of people" finds hardly sufficient place in the histories:

"At ye gate of Oxford wee were stop't by a guard of ye town militia and disarmed, & it being put to my choice who of severall Lords that were in town wee would wait on, I chose Ld Lovelace, who, knowing my name and business, diamist me & company with civility and arms returned: I found ye University preparing an entertainment of musick for ye Prince (who they expected the next day fro Abington,) at ye Theatre & a Dinner at Christ Church College, but ye news of ye Ks departure coming at 12 at night, ye Prince sent word to Oxford of ye alteration of his intentions & yt he would march ye next day to Wallingford (9 miles fro Oxford) for London; so yt on

Wednesday morning wee went, & about 2 that day mett ye Prince at Wallingford, where wee saw him dine at a little Inn with great variety of meat and sawces, sweetmeats, etc., weh it seems is part of ye fatigue wee admire in great Generals; he lay at ye Mayor's house. The next day being Thursday, he rode all ye way a foot-pace fro thence to Henley, with a small guard of about 12 horse, but a very large attendance of Lords & Gentry, and abundance of acclamations and expressions of joy fro ye country People. Fro thence on fryday wee came with ye Prince to Windsor Castle, where he was received with usual expressions of joy, weh is now unfeigned. I have hitherto quartered in ye same town with ye Court without difficulty, & intend now to stay till ye Prince comes to London: you cannot conceive the pleasure there is in seeing ye fountain of this Happy revolution, and ye new face of things at Court, where is nothing of ye usuall affectation of Terror, but extreme civility to all sorts of People; you shall see country women admitted to see him dine, & as many of ye Nobles & Principall men as there is rome for dine with ye Prince covered."

Let us contrast this with a lively little picture from a diary kept by *Lady Cowper*, of the coronation of George the First:

"One may easily conclude that this was not a day of real joy to the Jacobites: however, they were all then looking as cheerful as they could, but very peevish with everybody that spoke to them. My Lady Dorchester stood underneath me, and when the Archbishop went round the throne demanding the consent of the people, she turned about to me and said, 'Does the old Fool think that anybody here will say no! to his question, when there are so many drawn swords?' There was no remedy but patience; and so everybody either was pleased or pretended to be so."

The reader will be interested by

ONE OF LORD COWPER'S DECREES.

"One Mr. Cornwallis having set up a lottery, called '*The Wheel of Fortune, or a Thousand Pounds for a Penny*,' Mrs. Fuller, the wife of Dr. Fuller, sent for twenty-four of those tickets, and gave them among the servants, upon condition, if twenty shillings or more should come up, her daughter should have a moiety of the prize, and one of them, thus given to her footboy, came up a prize of £1000. The daughter brought this bill for the moiety of the money, and it was undeniably proved by the rest of the servants and others that the ticket, which cost but one penny, was given the footboy on that condition.—*Lord Cowper*. 'Cu jus est dare ejus, est disponere.' The footboy is an infant, but he is bound by the condition as well as one of full age; he may be a trustee, and is a trustee as to £500 for the young lady. Decree accordingly."

This is a passage near the conclusion of Lord Campbell's biography:

"From a kindly feeling for him, I could wish that he had been more given to philosophy, and that, after the example of several of his illustrious contemporaries, he had mingled the *belles lettres* with politics. He had before his eyes politicians like Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, who were making themselves distinguished as *fine writers*; and *fine writers*, like Addison and Prior, who, with less felicity of amalgamation, had risen to distinction as *politicians*. What an interesting and instructive work he might have left us—making

him with the most illustrious of his order—if, on his retirement from office, he had sat down and written the '*History of his own Times*,' an undertaking for which he has shown, by several of his compositions, particularly by his '*Imperial State of Parties*,' presented to George I., that he was singularly well qualified! His style is more accurate and flowing than that of his friend the Bishop of Salisbury; he took larger views of constitutional questions; his insight into the character of public men was truer; he had a better opportunity of knowing the real springs of action in parties and individuals, and he was infinitely better qualified to weigh evidence and to detect falsehood. Had he begun with the trial of the Seven Bishops, giving us an account from personal observation of the Defendants, the Judges, the Council, the Jury, and the feelings of the spectators, till the shout of applause arose on the acquittal—and had gone on with his narrative, introducing the sensation produced in the metropolis when the news arrived of William's landing—his own march at the head of a little military band to meet the deliverer—the opinions and wishes of the lawyers in general at this great crisis—the speedy reaction in favor of the banished despot—the writer's first introduction into the House of Commons—his rise to be the leader of the whigs there—the state of the borough representation when he proposed to bribe Toiness and took refuge in Bereairstone—the bitter disappointment of the tory party, when their leaders betrayed them and became whiggish in the beginning of the reign of Anne—the cabals in the cabinet after he was her chancellor—the deliberations on the prosecution of Sacheverell—the dismay of the whig leaders when they discovered the fatal error they had committed—the revolution in the public mind respecting the continuation of the war—the real views of different parties as to the succession on the queen's death—the exultation of the Jacobites on the arrival of the King George's German favorites, and the rapacity they displayed—the dissensions in the royal family with which the chancellor was so much mixed up—the feelings at court when the Earl of Mar's rebellion broke out, and the old Pretender landed in Scotland—the intrigues for saving the lives of the rebel lords—the growing favor of Lord Macclesfield with the king—the true circumstances of the historian's own resignation—his motives for opposing the bill to repeal the test and corporation acts—the manner in which he was regarded when all his prophecies respecting the South Sea scheme had been more than realized—and the ultimate safety of the revolution settlement and of the new dynasty, by the appointment of Walpole as prime minister—he would have left us a work far more interesting than the gossip of Burnet—to be placed by the side of the '*History of the Grand Rebellion*.' But he despised authorship, and he is comparatively obscure."

A very good saying that last, and we heartily agree with it. So sink and be forgotten, all to whom authorship is despicable; and matter of fair congratulation be it with all of us, that not so will Lord Campbell descend to obscurity! But we must doubt, notwithstanding, whether histories of their own times are exactly the mode in which we would like the learned leisure of our chancellors to have been employed. Leisure does not make historians. Did we confess the truth, we should say that that bill of fare for the contents of Lord Cowper's History, so precisely set forth by Lord Campbell, is on the whole rather common-place, and likely to have

produced a very dull and sorry entertainment. He sketches another, with equal minuteness, as what Lord Thurlow should have provided; and, leaving out of question the coarseness, bullying, and lying, by which that worthy chancellor (if he had undertaken it) might have imparted some flavor to the narrative, there seems as little promise there, too, of either salt or savor. In sober truth, we have books enough in the world of the kind indicated by Lord Campbell; and he must not be so much enamored of his own success in biography, as to fancy that an ex-chancellor needs only take a pen in his hand, to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

It may be hardly worth mentioning, but Lord Campbell, who ordinarily tells an anecdote extremely well, sometimes spoils one. Colley Cibber's mention of the "expression" which (shortly after the Utrecht creation of peers) fell from Mrs. Barry, the tragic actress, in her fever—

"Ha! ha! and so they make us Lords by dozens!"

he changes into the elaborate absurdity of the poor actress "in her last delirious hours constantly repeating a composition of her own in blank verse, concluding with the line," &c. When he quotes such a famous pun, too, as Swift's "*fringeship*," he ought to have added what Swift complacently says Prior remarked of it, that it was the "very worst he had ever heard."

Our remaining extracts are taken from the concluding and less important memoirs.

MACCLESFIELD AND WITHERS AT THE OUTSET OF LIFE.

"Thomas Parker, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and Earl of Macclesfield, was born on the 23d of July, 1666, (the 'annus mirabilis,') at Leake in Staffordshire, where his father carried on the business of an attorney, and by the savings of a long life accumulated a fortune of nearly 100*l.* of annual rent. Having been taught to read by his mother, he was put for two or three years to a free grammar school, in the neighboring town of Newport in Shropshire. The two cleverest boys there were Tom Parker, and Tom Withers, the son of a shoemaker. They were in the same form, and friends though rivals. The prognostications with respect to the latter were the most favorable, and he displayed such parts and application, that there was an attempt made to send him to the university by a subscription among the neighboring gentry. This failing, he was bound apprentice to his father, and flourished for many years as a shoemaker; but not observing the maxim '*ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' he kept up his classical learning, quoted Homer and Virgil to his clerical customers, and fell into misfortunes in his old age. It is pleasant to think that the two schoolfellows socially met when the one occupied a stall at Newport, and the other was lord chief justice of England, and that they afterwards renewed their correspondence, when the one having lost all his business was reduced to penury, and the other had been precipitated with disgrace from the highest station a subject can hold in this kingdom."

MACCLESFIELD AND WITHERS AT ITS CLOSE.

"He is placed in a very amiable point of view by the following letter written by him after his fall to his successor, Lord Chancellor King, in favor of his old schoolfellow, Tom Withers:

"My Lord,

"I have received a letter from one Thomas Withers, of Newport, in Shropshire, to desire your lordship to appoint him master of the English school in that town, in the room of Thomas Sambrook, lately deceased. At his request I formerly obtained the place of my Lord Chancellor Cowper, for this Thomas Sambrook, who was his nephew; but he himself is now fallen into misfortunes, and begs the place for himself. And, indeed, he deserves much better. He was my schoolfellow, and in the same form with me, in the Latin school, and was a very good scholar, and went quite through the school; but his father not being able to send him to the university, nor to get the assistance of friends for that purpose, took him to his own trade, which was that of a shoemaker, wherein he succeeded very well, and had the general esteem of the neighboring gentlemen, and was a great favorite of the late Lord Bradford, who, if living, would have saved your lordship this trouble. Just before I was made chancellor I lay at Newport, and sending for the master who had been usher when I was at the school, he told me of Tom Withers, my old schoolfellow, who was then in good circumstances, and gave me an extraordinary good character of him in all respects. I sent for him, and found he retained pretty well his Greek and Latin, though he made no show in conversation of either. He has since his misfortunes officiated sometimes for his nephew, whose health did not permit him to attend the school; and has ample certificates of his very good behavior, which he (imagining me to be in London) tells me he will order one to wait upon me with, and I will order to be laid before your lordship if you care to be troubled with them. I beg pardon for taking up so much of your time, but I think the case so compassionate, and him so much the best man that can possibly be proposed for this place, that I could not forbear laying before your lordship some of these particulars, as the opportunity I had of knowing so much of the person.

"I am with great respect,

"My Lord,

"Your lordship's most faithful

"and obedient servant,

"MACCLESFIELD."

"I have not been able to ascertain whether the application succeeded. It would have been pleasant to have known that Tom Withers reached the dignity of head master of Newport school, and that the ex-chancellor visiting him there, they both for a time forgot all past misfortunes, looking at their names cut out on the old desks, and talking over their battles and boyish adventures."

THE MORAL OF MACCLESFIELD'S CAREER.

"Parker got on in the world first by diligence in his father's little office at Leake, and rendering services to the wealthy manufacturer who translated him to Derby;—then by showing himself superior in intelligence and activity to the other attorneys of that place;—then by being the greatest winner of verdicts of all the barristers on the Midland Circuit;—then by proving the most formidable opponent which Westminster Hall could supply to oppressive prosecutions of the press by the attorney general;—then by becoming in the House of Commons a most efficient member of the great party to which he attached himself;—then by gaining the chief glory in a great parliamentary prosecution, having for his competitors the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of the day; then by,

being acknowledged equal as a judge to those who had filled with the greatest applause the highest judicial stations:—then by taking a leading part in the upper house of Parliament, when he was elevated to the peerage;—and finally, by making it appear for the interest of the sovereign on the throne to place him in the highest civil office which a subject could hold—at a time when he had established such a reputation with all ranks, that his promotion caused general joy.

"He achieved greatness; but for solid glory he wanted a contempt of riches, a love of literature, and a desire of improving the institutions of his country. He could occasionally part with money for charitable purposes, but beyond the laudable desire of providing decently for his family he certainly displayed an inordinate desire to accumulate wealth, and this was the remote cause of his downfall.

"While Somers, and Harcourt, and Cowper were familiar with the greatest contemporary poets, and are immortalized in their verses, Macclesfield preferred the conversation of judges and sergeants, and his name is to be found in doggerel ballads, recording his disgrace. He had a noble opportunity of serving the state and enhancing his own fame by law reforms which were loudly demanded; but in neither house of Parliament did he ever introduce any measure to supply a defect or to correct an abuse in the administration of justice, and for his personal advantage he aggravated crying evils, which in his time had brought such obloquy on the Court of Chancery that suitors were said to be 'inveigled and delayed there that they might be plundered.'"

LAW REPORTERSHIP.

"Harcourt seems to have given mortal offence to Vernon, the reporter, who practised as a counsel regularly before him, but spitefully suppresses his best decisions, and gives doubtful ones. See 2 Vernon, 664—688. I suspect that the reporter may have been a whig, and copied the tory blacksmith, who in shoeing the horse of a whig always lamed him. When I was a *nisi prius* reporter I had a drawer marked 'BAD LAW,' into which I threw all the cases which seemed to be improperly ruled. I was flattered to hear Sir James Mansfield C. J., say, 'whoever reads Campbell's reports must be astonished to find how uniformly Lord Ellenborough's decisions were right.' My rejected cases which I had kept as a curiosity—not maliciously—were all burnt in the great fire in the temple when I was attorney general."

USES OF PUBLIC STATIONERY.

"The next letter shows that in those days the Lord Chancellor, both in England and Ireland, was enabled to conciliate the good will of persons of the highest eminence in church and state by a lavish distribution of stationery at the public expense. Thus writes the Most Reverend Father in God, John Lord Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c. &c., to Lord King:—

"My Lord,

"Ever since I have had the honor of being acquainted with lord chancellors, I have lived in England and Ireland upon chancery paper, pens, and wax. I am not willing to lose an old advantageous custom. If your lordship hath any to spare me by my servant, you will oblige

"Your very humble Servant,

"JOHN DUBLIN."

To which Lord Campbell subjoins this feeling note:

"Very different from the economy of modern times!—when the attorney general, deprived of his salary on which he still pays the land tax, is obliged gratuitously to draw public acts of Parliament with his own pens and ink on his own paper, being deprived of his stationery and of the pecuniary compensation for some time substituted for it."

We have reserved for future notice Lord Campbell's fifth volume, containing the lives of Hardwick, Worthington, Camden, Charles Yorke, Bathurst, and Thurlow.

THE BLIND GIRL.

DARKNESS where'er I go!

Nor earth, nor sky, nor blessed light for me—
But a deep yearning woe

For the bright things I never more may see,
But which, like lovely phantoms, still remain,
Haunting the veiled chambers of my brain.

And, when kind words are spoken
Like holy breathings from a world unseen,
My heart is well nigh broken,
To think that it can only darkly dream,
What form may wear the sweet toned instrument
Where Love hath all his gentlest music blent!

Yet memory still is mine,
And what lost treasure it gives back again;
My girlhood's happy time—
The forms and faces so familiar then;
And, shining like a star through my dark night,
Is one, who was as dear to me as sight.

It is before me now,
Wearing the looks I loved so to behold;
The same calm thoughtful brow,
And loving smile that ne'er for me was cold;
'Tis mid my desert a fresh lovely spot,
And one which even blindness withers not.

But oh! to feel how vain
The hopes which came around us like sweet
flowers!

It almost sears my brain,
To think through life such will no more be ours;
Yet is it but the wreck of earth's frail bark!
Father of Light! let not my soul be dark!

Sharpe's Magazine.

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.—It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with an organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, or hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which they appear to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to approach these birds; either a careless step on a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion of my person, has rendered useless whole hours of manœuvring.—*Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE COUNTESS OF BELVIDERE.

It is not many months ago since the readers of this Journal were presented with a more particular account of the extraordinary abduction and imprisonment of Lady Grange than had hitherto been given to the public. We are now enabled to lay before them another morceau of private history of a somewhat similar kind, serving as a further illustration of the manners of the same period. The parties were Robert Rochfort, first Earl of Belvidere, and the Honorable Mary Molesworth, eldest daughter, by a first marriage, of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth. This lady, by an act of unheard-of tyranny, was confined by her husband for no less than thirty years, from which she was released only by his demise in 1774.

The father of Miss Molesworth was an officer of distinguished bravery. He was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies; and at subsequent periods, after having attained to the rank of lieutenant-general, and retired from more active service, was appointed to many high and important official situations in Ireland. For many years he was commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in that country, and resided with his family in the capital.

It was at this period that his eldest daughter, Mary, first attracted the regards of Mr. Rochfort, a gentleman of very ancient and honorable family in the county Westmeath. This person is described as a man of considerable talent and abilities—elegant and expensive in his tastes, and with highly-polished, courtier-like manners, but at the same time haughty and vindictive in temper, and selfish, unprincipled, and dissipated in conduct. At the period referred to he was eight-and-twenty, a widower, and childless, his first wife having died a few months after marriage. He possessed high interest at the English court; a circumstance which doubtless recommended him to Lord Molesworth, who, besides being captivated by his prepossessing exterior, had sufficient worldly policy to encourage the addresses of one for whom he naturally anticipated honors and advancement. Mr. Rochfort was indeed at this time considered one of the brightest ornaments of the court; and so highly was he esteemed by the reigning monarch, George II., that about this period he was created Baron Bellefield, and afterwards a viscount. Several years subsequently, his majesty raised him to the dignity of Earl of Belvidere; and as by this title he is best known, as such we shall henceforth designate him, without attending to the exact date of the creation.

To the talent and address which gained this nobleman the royal favor, he united a strikingly handsome and commanding exterior. There is a full-length portrait of him yet extant, which the writer has often seen. It appears to have been taken at a rather more advanced period of life than that of which we are now speaking, for he is there represented no longer the smiling courtier, basking in the sunshine of royalty, and sailing in the full tide of worldly prosperity, but as one on whom the hand of Time had begun to do its work—the effects of which are always so prematurely visible on those who are either the victims of turbulent passions, or of the more suppressed irritability consequent on a morbidly repining temperament.

Robert, first Earl of Belvidere, is here represented in his parliamentary robes—a tall, dark, handsome-

looking man, but with a gloomy, stern, saturnine expression of countenance. His appearance was probably very different at an earlier period, when he must have seen fit to adopt, during his suit to Miss Molesworth, some semblance of that softness of demeanor and amiability of temper to which he was in reality a stranger. She was at this time only sixteen, attractive in person, and adorned with the accomplishments suited to her rank and sex. Her disposition was quiet and gentle; she exhibited no inclination to levity, but was domestic in her tastes and habits, and of rather a thoughtful and contemplative mind.

In reviewing the qualities of the man whom her mistaken parents would force on her acceptance, she saw much that would adorn a court circle, but little that promised to render domestic life happy. His attentions to herself could not render her insensible to his haughty demeanor towards others; while, doubtless aware of his unfortunate habits, she in silent sadness foresaw how irksome would be the ties between them—in fine, how little of happiness, how much of misery, was to be anticipated from the union.

Miss Molesworth, however, was but sixteen—too young to venture on much opposition to a marriage which all around her were endeavoring to promote. In a spirit of sorrowful foreboding, she at length gave a reluctant consent, and this ill-fated union took place August 1, 1736. Just before its celebration, it is said that she sat for her picture; and the idea being suggested of her adopting some peculiar costume, she was induced to select that by which, in the shape of the *coiffure* more especially, we recognize the portraits of another captive, her namesake—the hapless Mary of Scotland.

From an early period after marriage, this lady was destined to find her sad forebodings realized in the coldness and neglect of her husband, who was surrounded by flatterers, some of whom, from selfish motives, had been originally opposed to his entering the married state at all, and who were therefore continually on the watch to prejudice Lord Belvidere against his young wife. One there was more especially who, from the first, had been her deadliest foe, and to whom, it is said, the countess owed all her misfortunes. This artful and unprincipled person had formerly held powerful influence over the affections of the earl, and now dreaded naturally the influence of the youthful and virtuous wife.

The year after her marriage, Lady Belvidere disappointed the anxious hopes of her husband for an heir, by giving birth to a daughter; but as this event was succeeded, in due course, by that of a son—a fine and promising child—we may suppose that, for a time at least, it served to revive some feelings of affection towards the mother. The event, we are told, was celebrated in a style of princely magnificence, and the infant christened by the names of George-Augustus, after the reigning monarch, who stood godfather by proxy, and up to the period of his death, more than twenty years after, continued the firm friend of its unworthy father.

For the first few years after their marriage, Lord and Lady Belvidere resided for the most part at Gaulston, a mansion belonging to the former in the county Westmeath; and here, in the course of time, two other sons were born to them. This residence was a large, ancient, and gloomy structure of the days of Edward III. It had belonged to the Chief Baron Rochfort, and is alluded to by Dean Swift. The painful associations afterwards

connected with it, induced the second and last Earl of Belvidere to dispose of the mansion, which was purchased by the late Lord Kilmaine; and an elegant and modern house has long since been raised on the site of the old one.

It may well be supposed that the retirement of the country and sober routine of domestic life had few attractions for Lord Belvidere, and the result was long and frequent absences on his part, either spent amidst the brilliant circle of George II., or else at the Irish court; for we are speaking of a time prior to the union, when Dublin held its annual parliament, and was the residence of the aristocracy of Ireland. Fortunately for the countess, she preferred the quiet unexciting scenes of domestic life. She was a fond and attentive mother; her chief happiness was in the care and society of her children, and whilst with them she endeavored to forget the growing estrangement of their father.

Of the children to whom allusion has been made, her three sons were as yet but in their infancy. The daughter, however, was beginning to be of an age to render her companionable to the parent. This child (afterwards Countess of Lanesborough) at a very early period, gave promise of that amiability of temper, sprightliness, and extreme beauty of person for which she was afterwards distinguished in the world.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the visits of the earl to his wife and family became less frequent; and when they did take place, there was a settled gloom on his brow, a searching severity of manner, which could not escape Lady Belvidere, and caused in her mind the direst forebodings. As we have already said, she was not without enemies, and to the most unprincipled of these—she who had ever been her cruellest foe—did the countess at once, and justly, attribute the suspicious looks and savage tones of her lord. Just eight years after this ill-fated union had taken place did the long-threatening storm burst forth, and the lady was charged with infidelity to her husband—the partner of her alleged guilt being one whose near affinity to him might be supposed to have set at rest all suspicion. The account from which we derive our information states that she at first expressed both surprise and indignation, but afterwards proceeds to add that, to the astonishment of her friends, Lady Belvidere, driven to desperation, was induced, though perfectly innocent, to make an acknowledgment of guilt, with the view of strengthening the grounds for a divorce, and thus ridding her of a husband whom it was now impossible not to hate. Of any real infidelity, she at after periods most repeatedly protested her innocence, and she made a declaration to the same effect, by a solemn oath, on her deathbed upwards of thirty years after.

The other party named was a married man. He is represented as highly exemplary in conduct, an affectionate father, and most attached husband. Between him and his amiable partner any feeling of jealousy was unknown. Happy in themselves and in their children, both entertained a sincere pity for the young and interesting, but neglected wife of Lord Belvidere, with whose profligate character and mode of life they were better acquainted than were the world in general. Their country residence closely adjoined Gaulston, and, united alike by the ties of relationship and regard, a constant intercourse was naturally kept up between them and its fair mistress. From them she was accustomed to meet the ready smile of welcome, to hear the kindly tone of sympathy. It is

natural, therefore, to suppose that in their cheerful home Lady Belvidere found a solace for her ills, which doubtless brought with it the temptation to dwell upon her wrongs and lament her sufferings.

The result of the charge made against her was a trial. The principal witness was the artful and unprincipled woman already alluded to; and so well-concocted was the conspiracy, that damages to the amount of £20,000 were awarded to the earl; upon which the ill-fated defendant, unable to meet so large a demand, fled the country. The history of his subsequent life is told in a few words. After residing in banishment for many years—his Irish property neglected, and no alleviation to his sufferings except in the society of his attached wife and family, who mostly shared his exile—he was unfortunately induced, after a lengthened interval, to return with them to Ireland, trusting that the effects of time had softened the stony heart of the earl. But he was mistaken; the seeds of jealousy had taken too deep root there to be ever eradicated. Lord Belvidere caused him to be arrested, and he lived and died in confinement, protesting to the last his entire innocence of the foul charge laid against him.

Lady Belvidere, far from having the wish granted which would have divorced her from the earl, was reserved by him for a very different fate.

His nominal residence had hitherto been at Gaulston, an old and inconvenient structure, which afforded little scope for the exercise of that superior taste for which this proud nobleman was distinguished. Beyond its fine gardens, on which much cost and labor had been bestowed, the place had no recommendations for him, and he therefore, at this period, came to the determination of abandoning it as a residence forever. Lord Belvidere accordingly removed his establishment, and took up his abode a few miles distant, at a very beautiful mansion, which still goes by his title, and is well known to all the lovers of the picturesque in that neighborhood. This mansion, the building of which was then hardly completed, immediately adjoins the noble house and demesne called Rochfort, which, until lately, that it has passed into other hands, was long distinguished as the residence of a collateral branch of this family, by whom the county Westmeath was represented in Parliament for very many years. The name of Rochfort is now almost extinct in that neighborhood; but it is not a forgotten one, and is always spoken of with respect and esteem. Between these two mansions there exists an artificial ruin of an abbey, so true to reality, and so exquisitely designed, as to excite the admiration of all who view it. The tradition of this ruin having arisen out of a family feud is generally known, and that it was built by one brother to exclude from his sight the residence of the other; but few are aware that with Robert, Earl of Belvidere, originated this design, and that he even went to an enormous expense in getting over from Italy a celebrated Florentine architect of that day, named Barradotté, to superintend the erection of the ruin. This circumstance, and the domestic differences between himself and a younger brother, which gave rise to it, took place at a much later epoch than that of which we are now treating, and when his lordship was in the decline of life; but it is so characteristic, and goes so far to confirm the singular and systematic manner in which his vindictive nature showed itself, as to render the fact worthy of notice.

In making an arrangement for quitting his old residence at Gaulston, he had a twofold design in view. He was thereby enabled to occupy the mansion more congenial to his taste, and at the same time to convert the other into an asylum for Lady Belvidere, sufficiently near at hand to enable him to keep a constant surveillance over her proceedings. In this plan he was at no loss to find coadjutors; for the landed property, and consequently the interest, of the earl were very great in the surrounding neighborhood, where it is said he reigned with arbitrary sway, his words and actions being in fact considered as laws.

Here, then, in a manner as unexpected to herself as it was unprecedented in the annals of domestic tyranny, was the hapless subject of our memoir confined, deprived of all social intercourse with her friends, and denied that liberty permitted to the meanest of her fellow-creatures. In all other respects there was every attention paid to her wants and wishes. She had a reasonable number of domestics at her control, and the use of a carriage, though her drives were limited to the grounds, which were, however, extensive. Her wardrobe was amply supplied with the best and richest of clothes suitable to her rank, and every source of occupation and amusement was allowed her. Of these latter, it is said that drawing was her favorite pursuit; and we have reason to suppose that she excelled in it. Her pictures were landscapes, some taken from nature, and all on gloomy subjects, in character with the depressed state of her mind.

As it is mentioned that there was no prohibition at this time against writing materials, it may be conjectured that the countess was not debarred from epistolary intercourse with her friends; and the question naturally presents itself, how did it happen that her own family could so little concern themselves with her situation as to take no means to remedy it? To this we have nothing to say, beyond reminding our readers of the proverbial remark, that it is often a dangerous, always a thankless step, to interfere between man and wife. We have seen, besides, from the first, the powerful influence which Lord Belvidere had obtained over the mind of his father-in-law, to whom he now doubtless represented the conduct of the lady in such a light as might lead her parent to believe that as long as his daughter was not debarred from the comforts of life, and resources suitable to her station, seclusion was better than affording her a chance of bringing further disgrace on the family. To this surmise we may add, that the countess had, not long after her ill-fated union, been deprived by death of the parent whose maternal influence might have alleviated her sufferings and altered her lot. Lord Molesworth had, shortly afterwards, formed a second marriage, and by that event was now become the father of a large and increasing family. Such domestic changes often produce change of feeling. However it might be in this instance, certain it is that no steps were taken by the family of Lady Belvidere for her liberation.

In this state of retirement there was yet one source of consolation allowed her. It consisted in the visits of her children, who were permitted from time to time to see their mother, and at all periods evinced for her a tenderness and sympathy which showed that, in that relationship at least, she was affectionate and exemplary. At the time when the edict was first put in force which cut her off from society, the countess had not seen her five-and-twentieth birthday; and now, as year after year

passed on, the bloom of life wearing away, and bringing no hope of change, so far from producing submission to her hard fate, the desire for emancipation became each day stronger. For the reasons before given—that of her being freely allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper—it is natural to suppose she may have often addressed herself to the earl; but if she did, it was of little avail; whilst all personal intercourse he uniformly avoided, although a frequent visitor to the beautiful grounds and gardens of Gaulston.

One day, however, fortune seemed inclined to favor this victim of domestic tyranny, for Lord Belvidere unexpectedly entered one of the gardens without the customary precautions which preceded his approach. He was accompanied by a friend, a person who, it seems, was unhappily inimical to the countess; but she, either unaware of this circumstance, or altogether regardless of it, in the desire for an interview with her husband, rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before him. Her high spirit, it is said, would not permit her to ask forgiveness for an imaginary crime, but in few and hurried words she spoke of the hardship of her lot, intreated for its amelioration, and implored that she might no longer be debarred from all intercourse with her fellow-beings. For a moment even the hard heart of the earl seemed softened and overcome, as he thus beheld at his feet his suppliant wife, the mother of his children. He listened irresolutely to her earnest, impassioned tones—he looked on those features once radiant with youth and beauty, now faded and care-worn—but the struggle was a short one, for his friend, perceiving his irresolution, and therefore not allowing time for a reply, turned to him with an upbraiding look, and only repeating the words, "Remember your honor, my lord," at once drew him off from the spot. From that time the mind of Lord Belvidere seemed more than ever prejudiced against his hapless wife, and we may therefore conclude that every means was used that art could suggest or malice enforce to keep alive his jealousy, and render the separation eternal. From this period the walks of the countess were limited to a certain portion of the demesne, and a person was appointed to accompany her at such times. Not satisfied with this, the earl hit upon the ingeniously inhuman device of having a bell, which her attendant carried, with strict orders to ring it whenever his lordship was about the grounds, and as a known signal to ward off all persons from approaching her. It may readily be conceived that if anything was wanting to exasperate the countess, and make her equal to any scheme, however desperate, it was this.

It was after twelve years of captivity that the lady, by means of her faithful domestics, contrived and effected an escape. The particulars we have no means of ascertaining, but it is known that the intelligence was communicated to her husband, who, naturally conjecturing that the parental roof was that which she would seek, by a rapid journey succeeded in forestalling her intention. Some hours before the arrival in Dublin of his lady, Lord Belvidere had reached the mansion of her father, who at that time occupied a house on the south side of Merriam Square. Here he contrived to work so powerfully upon the feelings of Lord Molesworth, that the latter determined not to expose himself to the importunities of his daughter. We may imagine, then, what must have been her feelings when told by the servant that he had strict orders not to admit her. In an agony of disappointment

at this cruelly unexpected repulse—which certainly no conduct on her part could justify—Lady Belvidere was for a while speechless, and utterly unable to determine what steps to take or where to fly. In these modern days of rail-carriages and steam-vessels the matter would have been different. A few hours would have transported her to another country, where, for a time at least, she might without difficulty have eluded her enemies, and in all likelihood have eventually ameliorated her lot; for there seems to have been hitherto no deficiency of pecuniary means—at any rate of those possessions the sale of which could have procured them. But at the period we speak of it was widely different; and in the moment of indecision—thinking of no danger but the chance of recapture, and probably unaware that Lord Belvidere was actually the inmate of her father's house—the countess was unhappily led to take a step which sealed her fate with her husband forever. She ordered the coachman to drive directly to Sackville street. Here resided the wife and family of the man whom his lordship had pursued with such unrelenting severity. From them she well knew she would receive the kind welcome and succor which her sufferings needed. It was a natural step for her to take, and, under the circumstances of the case—that is, considering the absence of the master—could hardly be called a blamable one.

Whether Lady Belvidere was even permitted to see her relatives, we know not. Her course was tracked after quitting Lord Molesworth's house, and we may suppose with what jealous rage the earl beheld her suing for admittance at that of his supposed rival. Suffice it to say, the lady was seized, and, we believe, in less than twenty-four hours after bidding, as she hoped, an eternal adieu to Gaulston, was once more the tenant of that gloomy mansion. But far different was her lot now. Deprived of those comforts which before were permitted, of the domestics whose sympathy and attentions had first served to alleviate, and who then, in compassion, had tried to change her lot—denied the satisfaction of seeing her children, and bereft of almost all those sources of amusement and occupation which had hitherto tended to beguile her hours, though incapable of banishing her sorrows—Lady Belvidere was now only allowed the common necessities of life, and was surrounded by a new set of attendants, harsh and unfeeling, incapable of sympathizing with her misfortunes, and constantly on the watch lest she should elude their vigilance. The bell was once more put into requisition, and everything else that was calculated to embitter her lot. It is stated that her hair, in the course of one night, turned completely white immediately after her unsuccessful elopement. When we proceed to state that no less a period than eighteen years was thus passed, it is hard, at this time of day, to believe that such proceedings could possibly have been tolerated in a civilized country, and less than a century ago. It is equally surprising that reason did not altogether give way under such barbarity. Indeed, there was a general but erroneous idea that the intellects of the countess had become deranged—a notion which her husband, in all likelihood, endeavored to foster.

How these long sad years were passed, we have no exact accounts to tell us: here there is a chasm, chiefly left to the imagination to fill up. Some few interesting particulars have, however, reached us. Our informant on this point was an old and valued servant, who lived and died in the Rochfort family. This poor man had spent the early period of his life

in the service of the captive Countess of Belvidere. He was the only one of her faithful and attached domestics who was suffered to remain at the time of her second imprisonment, and we should have excepted him in alluding to the harsh and unfeeling menials by whom she was then surrounded. He acted in the capacity of footman, and remained to witness her release. When arrived at a very advanced age, so that memory was beginning to fail, especially when more recent occurrences were in question, if any reference or inquiry was made to him of those connected with his injured lady, the intellect would at once revive, and he would dwell on the long-gone-by theme with energy and feeling. He would relate how, when employed in such offices as brought him to the presence of the poor countess, she would ask particulars of her children, of what was going on in the country, &c. The former, however, was the usual theme with the bereaved mother, and to none but to this attached servant did she venture to speak of them. Many a time, he said, when employed in the arrangement of her fire, would Lady Belvidere purposely retard his operations to talk over severally these dear children, and deplore the want of liberty which banished her from them and from all the world. There was an old picture-gallery at Gaulston where she would often walk, and, according to our informant, stand gazing at the pictures, "as if conversing with them."

At length that release arrived which she had quite ceased to hope for. In November, 1774, died Robert, Earl of Belvidere, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, regretted by few, and so deeply involved in debt, as to leave but a broken fortune to his heir. No sooner had the latter seen that the funeral obsequies of the earl were properly attended to, than, accompanied by his brothers, he repaired to Gaulston, to set at liberty the lady whose cruel treatment they had ever mourned with deep but unavailing regret. We may suppose what a change eighteen years had wrought in the appearance of both parties; in that of Lady Belvidere, we are told, it was almost appalling. Not only had her features become prematurely old and haggard, but she had acquired a wild, scared, unearthly look, whilst the tones of her voice, which hardly exceeded a whisper, were harsh, agitated, and uneven. In the style of her dress the countess had never changed the fashion for thirty years—that in which she was now attired forming a portion of what had been ordered for her wardrobe at the period when her imprisonment had first commenced. It is stated that she was so powerfully overcome, as to be for a while speechless. At last, in fearful accents, she faltered out, "*Is the tyrant dead?*"

Her sons, when they had last parted from their mother, were mere youths, the eldest scarcely eighteen. He was now a handsome man in the prime of life. Between him and his brothers there was so strong a family likeness in figure and features, that the countess could not distinguish them, and had to ask which of those before her was now Earl of Belvidere. We have no further particulars of this extraordinary and affecting reunion, though the result, as may be anticipated, was her removal from Gaulston. Her son, Lord Belvidere, having at this time just entered the married state, was about to proceed with his wife to Italy; and thinking the change of scene might be serviceable to the countess, he proposed that she should accompany them thither. But this kind and well-meant suggestion, to which his parent was induced to accede, failed in its object. The excitement of a journey

to one who had so long been inured to solitude, occasioned a sensation so strange and altogether overpowering, as rendered travelling extremely irksome to her. It was accordingly arranged that, whilst the earl and his young wife proceeded for a few months to Italy, Lady Belvidere was to remain at a convent in France; and here, in an account formerly given to the world, it is erroneously stated that she died, having first embraced the Romish faith.

After spending the winter at Florence, the earl returned for his mother. They proceeded to London, where she remained a twelvemonth at the house of a lady of rank, a friend of her family, who had apartments at Kensington Palace. But it would seem that the state to which Lady Belvidere had been brought was such as to have produced so much nervousness and painful sensitiveness, as now made her rather seek solitude, and shun all human intercourse, except with the few to whom she was immediately related. The strange story of her former life naturally gained publicity, and underwent many different versions, some less charitable than others as respected the countess, whilst the singularity of her appearance and deportment attracted curiosity. Her situation, therefore, though doubtless now accompanied with all that kindness and

attention could do, nevertheless brought with it painful and increasing disquietude to Lady Belvidere, who about this period was visited with a heavy domestic affliction, in the death of one of those affectionate sons who had so lately rescued her from captivity. This was the Honorable Richard Rochfort, colonel in the 9th Dragoons, her second son and third child, who died in the prime of life.

The remainder of this lady's story is shortly told. Finding her situation irksome, she wrote to Lord Belvidere, expressing a wish to return to Ireland. The earl then occupied a house in Great Denmark Street, at that time considered a fashionable locality in Dublin. Here she remained for a considerable period. Afterwards she resided with her affectionate daughter and son-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, who lived near the Irish capital. They had a large and growing-up family, and with them the subject of this memoir finished her days in peace and happiness. She survived her husband but a few years; and on her deathbed, after partaking of the communion, Lady Belvidere confirmed, with the most solemn oath, her perfect innocence of the crime for which she was made to suffer so lengthened and unprecedented a captivity.

THE NEW PLANET.—At the meeting of the Astronomical Society, on Friday, the 14th inst., an unusually numerous attendance of the Fellows took place;—the attraction of the new planet being, of course, the collecting force. The subject which occupied the evening was a written statement, read by its author, the astronomer-royal, mostly on the proceedings of Mr. Adams, Professor Challis, and himself. This report had, in parts, very much the character of a defence of Mr. Airy, by himself, from the possible charge of not having taken proper notice of the communication made by Mr. Adams when the latter sent him the elements of the new planet, months before M. Leverrier had made any similar publication. It appears that Mr. Airy at once made an inquiry of Mr. Adams, by letter, as to whether the theory of his new planet would explain the anomalies observed in the distance of Uranus from the sun;—a distance found, by observation, to be always greater than that assigned in the tables! To this inquiry Mr. Airy never got any reply till long after. Had he received a satisfactory one, he should, he said, have recommended the immediate publication of Mr. Adams' paper; all he knew was that he did not get the reply. He very much regretted it—but such was the fact.

As we understand that Mr. Airy's statement will be published forthwith, we reserve further comment; merely remarking that we shall be much surprised if the proceedings in England with reference to this new body do not form a subject of discussion on which every historian of astronomy will have to mend his quill or change his steel more than once. We are far from attributing blame anywhere. There may be none in any quarter; but we think it will turn out that the mathematicians of this country had not faith enough in their own science. And, most assuredly, we look forward to seeing the wise men who never believe until the thing is done—the sober men to whom

anything that is to be is a figment in the brains of a visionary—the practical men who are not quite sure that there is a future until it runs by them in the shape of time present—all loud in their outcry, some against one, some against another, for not having done that which six months ago they would have been the first to have laughed at them for doing.

In one point, Mr. Airy's address will relieve the apprehensions of our French neighbors. Nothing could be more explicit, more open, more gracefully expressed, and more unequivocally applauded, by the meeting, than the distinct recognition of M. Leverrier's rights—and in particular of the claim which he established by his confidence in his own results.—*Athenæum*.

SUBMARINE EXPLOSION IN THE THAMES.—The harbor-master, Captain Fisher, has, within the last few days, completed the removal of three sunken wrecks, which have for some considerable time greatly impeded the navigation of the river in the Lower Hope. Their removal was effected by submarine explosions, of various charges, averaging from 50 to 500 lb., fired by means of a galvanic battery. In the case of the larger explosion, a remarkable incident occurred at the moment of firing. An immense shoal of fish was passing the spot, and nearly the whole of them were blown out of the water to the extent of near thirty feet, the circumstance being followed by the raising of a huge column of water to about as great an altitude, which emitted a large portion of the destroyed wreck as if from the force of a volcano. The river from London bridge to the Nore is now perfectly free of all obstruction. The dangerous shoal of hard shingle off Limehouse reach, which stopped the navigation of vessels of a large draught at low water, has recently been entirely removed by the same means. The depth of water has been increased from four to seventeen feet at low water.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE.

SOME public men, but they are very few in number, seem to have the fortune to possess a mysterious influence, which suspends in their favor all the ordinary laws by which public favor and official distinction are secured. It is not easy to determine what this agency is, because it is so capricious in its operation. Where it is only the result of aristocratic nepotism, its origin is obvious as its action; and we, therefore, do not include in our supposititious category such mere mushrooms of the political world. Nor is the remark intended to apply to those mere creatures of popular influence who have occasionally compelled the dispensers of patronage to yield to their demands; theirs is a merely coercive influence obtained out of doors, and which is not capable of being brought to immediate use, except at some great crisis. The class of public men to whom we refer is very different from either of these. The individuals composing it are usually, as compared with those around them, obscure; they are without influential family connexions, and are not the sort of men whom the mob would be likely to take under their patronage. And yet they rise, often very rapidly, and may be found filling the highest posts in the state, while their names are spoken of with honor and respect, even by those who have no means of forming a judgment, either of their intellectual or personal merits. This influence by which they rise is not, in all cases, the consequence of extraordinary personal merit. On the contrary, to appear to have a genius for oratory or statesmanship will, by creating envy, often retard rather than advance. Nor is the advancement of these self-relying men the reward of superior qualifications for the hard work of public life, the practical business of legislation; for some of the members who have displayed this kind of talent in its utmost perfection are left altogether without any public acknowledgment of their services. Their promotion is, let us trust, to be attributed to an influence of a higher order—one not so obvious as are the most usual means of rising in the world—but one which reflects honor alike on those who are selected, and those who select. It is the prime minister for the time being, who usually thus singles out those whom he intends, in one sphere or other, to make the agents of his policy; and however he may be assisted in the formation of his opinion of their relative merits by his immediate colleagues, still on him rests the responsibility, as to him is due the honor, of thus exercising that noble privilege of a paternal government—so much obstructed by the practical working of the representative system—of singling out and rewarding modest, retiring merit. It will be enough to instance two distinguished living statesmen, as having been the objects of this honorable preference—on the one hand, Mr. Macaulay; on the other, Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is even a more remarkable instance of the exercise of this high privilege—a privilege which, as its holders earn it for themselves by their own talents and energy, is even a more glorious one than that exercised by the fountain of all honor itself—than his more brilliant and eloquent contemporary. Mr. Macaulay, long even before he entered Parliament, had rivetted the attention of the chief men of the day, and by his writings had secured the admiration of the public, although the author was still unknown by name. His appearance in

the political world was the signal for a triumph, equally decisive, in another sphere of mental action. His very first speech in the House of Commons stamped him as one of the most distinguished orators of the day, at least in promise, if not in perfect accomplishment. He was, therefore, almost naturally marked out for distinction, and looked upon as one who ought, at no very distant period, to receive promotion. But Mr. Gladstone had no such advantages at the outset of his parliamentary career. His previous reputation, such as it was, was rather calculated to militate against his success than otherwise. He was known to be a man of great intellectual powers and acquirements, but it was also supposed that his attention had been weaned from pursuits of a practical and worldly nature, and had been almost exclusively devoted to subjects of an abstract order. He was believed, also, to be identified in opinion with a class of thinkers whose exalted tone, no less than the objects of their thought, which were supposed to be dangerous, rendered them peculiarly obnoxious to an assembly like the House of Commons. Therefore, although Mr. Gladstone, at the very outset of his career, had invested himself with a certain mysterious interest and intellectual individuality, and although he had established for himself a character for very high mental powers, and no inconsiderable skill as an orator, he was still almost one of the last men who would have been looked upon as likely to become, at any future period, one of the guiding minds in the state. Respect of an unusual kind he always commanded. There was a solemn earnestness, a deep sense of duty, a high and chastening spirit of religious obligation in all his speeches, that at once placed him in a higher rank than that of even the most able debaters, whose powers were blindly devoted to the service of the party passions or the political interests of the hour. If his warning voice or his solemn exhortations were not heard amidst the din of the strife, it was that he assumed a moral position too elevated, too remote from the arena of conflict. He dealt with themes and propositions which, although to him they were realities, were to those around him abstractions. They might entertain them for the sake of the lofty and spiritualized tone in which they were approached; they might admire them afar off as fine creations of the intellect, as noble subjects for the schoolmen or the theologians; but they could not yield, either to them or to their originator, an active sympathy. What Mr. Serjeant Talfourd was in relation to subjects connected with poetry, literature, or the arts, when they were occasionally brought before Parliament, Mr. Gladstone was in relation to subjects involving the principles of church government, and the ties which mutually bind the church and the state.

The character of Mr. Gladstone's oratory at this period, while yet he shrunk from contact with the more violent elements of political strife, was essentially different from what it has since become. Comparatively unpractised at that time as a speaker, and not being gifted by nature with those peculiar physical attributes of the orator, which propitiate by their mere spontaneous exhibition, he nevertheless arrested the attention and fixed upon himself the notice of the house, enchaining their regard by an unaccountable, but an irresistible charm. They might fail in responding to his lofty appeals; they might, at times, feel reason to regret a self-absorption in the subject which made the speaker forget how little popular it was; but still they were

compelled to listen. An earnest sincerity, a palpable conviction of the irrefragable truth of his principles and propositions; but, above all, a mild, yet a manly humility in the manner of offering the fruits of his abstract thought and unswerving belief—these rare qualities, exhibited by one who was observed to hold himself aloof from attempts to force, by other means than fair argument, his conclusions on his fellow-men—who was believed to be enamored of truth for its own sake, and to shrink with horror from disfiguring its moral beauty, that he might gain victory by more sudden, but more corrupt means—rendered him the object of a vague admiration, which was as sincere in those who entertained it as it often was, even by themselves, inexplicable. His want of striking physical powers rather accorded with these characteristics than otherwise; and instead of being an obstruction, which they might have been under other circumstances, they served to render his oratory unique of its kind. There was a subdued tone, not in the thought or argument, but in the delivery, which was at once rare and refreshing, in a place where, unfortunately, every petty retailer of political nostrums delivers himself with a confident arrogance which would be intolerable even in a master of legislative wisdom. His voice, mild, soft, low-toned, yet clear, harmonious, and capable of emphasis—his abstracted, absorbed, unaffected manner, and student-like air—all helped to give a moral weight and sanction to the utterances of his deeply reflective and religious spirit. The mind is more often led captive by superficial or external influences, than the pride of reason likes to admit; and even those who either could not understand this young champion of spiritual ascendancy, or who were armed to a predetermined opposition, felt themselves, in spite of their wishes and convictions, under a spell, which they could neither fathom nor shake off. Thus his influence grew, silently but steadily, in the slow and sluggish apprehension of an uncongenial audience. He exhibited a good taste in abstinence from political or religious controversial topics, which might have been attributed to a refined art, but that it was palpably the result of the fine organization of his mind, which shrank, with an instinctive dread, from all that could stir the passions or stimulate the pride of those around him, who (and they were few in number) would have seized with avidity on such opportunities for conflict. Not that he feared ever to assert the fundamental principles of his political creed in connexion with the subject of church government; on the contrary, he was remarkable for an uncompromising adherence to his convictions. But he seemed to have a natural dislike for dogmatism; he rather laid down his principles as necessities of his case, as though he would willingly have had them granted for argument sake, so that he might be spared what, to a well-constituted mind, is a source of pain—the enunciation of propositions which may be offensive or unpalatable. If he handled the diseased conscience skilfully, he probed its wounds gently and tenderly. He never took delight in provocation or exasperation, nor did he avail himself of that license of rough assertion or rebuke which sincere men will often assume in their reliance on the sacredness of their cause. Constantly enunciating, with an uncompromising but reverential determination, propositions of an extreme character, which were calculated, had they been put forward by a less amiable mind, to provoke opposition, if not to excite theological hatred, even from members of the established church, much

more from dissenters, Mr. Gladstone passed through this critical phase of his public career without having excited those political and religious enmities which are real instincts of hatred, even amidst the cautious courtesies of modern political warfare. It is probable that subjects so lofty in themselves, and yet so pregnant with dangerous consequences, were never discussed in the House of Commons before with so thorough and comprehensive an analysis, and so determined a spirit of inquiry, as when introduced by Mr. Gladstone; certainly they have seldom or never been canvassed with so little exasperation of feeling. The cause of this singular contradiction to all received practice lay in the peculiar character of Mr. Gladstone's mind, which communicated itself to his mode of treating his subject. His aim being the assertion of truth and the compassing of great moral ends, he studiously or instinctively avoided all those topics by which discussion is degraded and perverted. He elevated and (if the term may be allowed) spiritualized his theme, stripping it of all grosser associations, such as party spirit, worldly interest, or intellectual jealousies, and looking at it solely with reference to its intrinsic value, or (in relation with legislation) to its capabilities of being used to the advancement of the moral welfare of mankind. Himself elevated in mind, he elevated his subject, and communicated the same feeling to even the most unpromising audiences. What wonder, then, if the young member for Newark, with such original qualities, such a rare simplicity and refinement of character, and such unusual intellectual powers, should, even though silent in party strife, have rapidly grown in weight and influence?

Thus distinguished as Mr. Gladstone was by a marked and distinctive character from those around him, he soon began to develop qualities and powers of so totally an opposite order, that it was difficult to suppose that the two could be united in the same individual. But he now proved that there was in his mind a rare union of the abstract and the practical; that, while he was equal to coping with the most important and difficult questions, the most comprehensive theories, that can occupy the human mind, he was, at the same time, capable, to an extent rarely met with even in inferior capacities, of conducting the most common-place business of every-day life, and more especially those details of government which require so much information on minute particulars, so much application, so much microscopic concentration of the mind—so many, in short, of the qualities which we usually attribute to the plodding, hard-working man of business. Having been in Parliament since 1832, he was, in 1834, nominated a lord of the treasury, an office which was afterwards changed for that of under-secretary for the colonies. It was in the discharge of the duties of this department (which, it should be observed, is usually confided to young statesmen of promise) that he first displayed the ability and peculiar fitness for the public service which have since raised him to a high eminence among contemporary politicians. In fact, Mr. Gladstone had then discovered that he possessed two characters—the one for the closet, the other for the desk. While in the retirement of his study, or while bearing with him its intellectual atmosphere into public discussion, he was in mind and feeling quite a different person from the intelligent, active, courteous, pains-taking official, who had mastered, partly by intense study, and partly from the recollections of early family associations, all the details of colonial

affairs, until those persons who, from time to time, were deputed from the colonies to confer with him, were astonished to find that he was enabled to take a more clear view and a more comprehensive grasp of their position than they could themselves command. Thus, in this subordinate situation, he first proved his capacity, not merely for theorizing on government, but also for practical statesmanship. He showed that he could handle the spade as well as plan the conservatory. Later in life, when, eleven or twelve years afterwards, he became the head of the department, where, at the time just referred to, he was only an underling, he still further exhibited that combination of the greater with the lesser qualifications of the statesman, which has been, in all ages, the strong proof of greatness of mind in whatever pursuit. His administration as colonial secretary, fully bore out the anticipations which had been entertained. Although circumstances rendered it brief, it was marked by firmness and temper, and, as far as it went, was crowned with success, or inspired that confidence which leads to it. His resolutions were rapidly formed, and executed with precision. He seemed equal to the greatest emergencies, and, at the time when he resigned his office, there certainly did not seem any reason to suppose that he would have to retrace his steps. His despatches, although, like his speeches and literary writings, they were at times too diffuse, from an anxiety to explain, which became an obstruction to clear comprehension, were very fine models of what such productions ought to be, uniting comprehensive views with minuteness of detail, and ready analysis, and watchful observation of events.

But the most remarkable portion of Mr. Gladstone's public life, up to the present period, was that which he passed in office immediately on the return of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, and while he remained connected with the Board of Trade—first as vice-president, and afterwards as president. Sir Robert Peel, amongst his many qualifications for the mastership of the nation, has a faculty which will often be found in men who are born to command—that of choosing their agents with sagacity. He had not been unobservant of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary talents, or of the ability he had shown in the year 1834 as colonial under-secretary. He had probably seen, with admiration, the union of such opposite qualifications in one man. As soon as he was again in power, he seized the opportunity to avail himself of Mr. Gladstone's services. But he did not content himself with merely making him the offer of such an appointment as his previous official station would justify; he went much further, and constituted Mr. Gladstone his chief adviser and coadjutor in all the difficult debates which arose out of his proposed modifications of our commercial laws. He made him, in fact, his right-hand man, much to the astonishment of those who had been accustomed to regard the new vice-president of the Board of Trade as a sort of dreamy enthusiast, and who predicted that he would utterly fail to grapple with the laborious calculations and the multitudinous varieties of information required in a discussion embracing so many hundreds of minute subjects, with each of which there were some one or more members of Parliament intimately acquainted. That period, however, in our modern political history was a series of surprises. Sir Robert Peel himself furnished the greatest surprise of all. He developed powers of mind for which those who had attributed to him

mediocrity were utterly unprepared; and it was remarkable, that although he selected for posts in his government young, or comparatively unknown men, they all seemed animated by a spirit similar to that which had metamorphosed their patron, and each achieved, in his several sphere, some unlooked for success. Mr. Gladstone's triumph was more signal than any. He astonished the House of Commons by his unwearied assiduity, the perseverance with which he pursued the business of his new office into its minutest details, the readiness of his mind, the fertility of his resources, the extraordinary information, so minute yet so accurate, which he had amassed in connexion with that under-current of commerce which flows in warehouses and counting-houses, but of which the cabinet and the library know scarcely the existence; while in the discharge of the still more laborious duties of his office, in the reception of deputations, the negotiation with important interests, the arbitration of conflicting claims, and the accommodation of multifarious details to a general and comprehensive plan, he sustained, with honor to himself, a competition of mind with those to whom such subjects were their daily business, if not their only thought; a competition in which, from the test being so much more severe and so much more readily brought home to him, success reflected still greater credit than casual victories in the House of Commons. Nor was it merely in the laborious handling of minute details that Mr. Gladstone proved himself fit to hold the important post to which he had been appointed. Throughout the discussions in question, and also in subsequent sessions, when he was at the head of the Board of Trade, he showed himself familiar, to an unexpected extent, with the great principles of commercial legislation, whether those which were about to be abandoned, or those new ones which it is probable Sir Robert Peel had even then determined to adopt; and in his speeches on the corn-tariff, as well as on those connected with the tariff, he infused a high philosophic tone which was not to be found in the more labored dissertations of Sir Robert Peel or Sir James Graham. In fact, whether upon these questions, or on others of more general policy, he already impressed the house and the public with that same idea of the elevation of his mind and the superiority of his intellectual powers, which, it has already been stated, was one of the characteristic consequences of his earlier orations on more abstract subjects. When he was about to speak, for some unexplained reason or other, it was always expected that he would take a view of the case more lofty, more philosophical, more remote from the immediate excitement of the hour, than any other member of equal standing. He seemed to have created a prepossession in his favor, and he rarely or never disappointed it. On one subject only he seemed to belie his reputation. As a cabinet minister he had given his sanction to Sir Robert Peel's measure for the increased endowment of Maynooth; but, as the reader will of course remember, instead of following up that assent by active exertions, he resigned his office in the government. That by doing so he ran the risk of seriously shaking Sir Robert Peel's administration, might well have suggested caution in one who professed to wish well to the measure which led to his resignation; but as the motives for his conduct were concealed from the public until the meeting of Parliament, the fact of his secession from the government did Sir Robert Peel much temporary harm. When the Parliament again met, Mr.

Gladstone was at his post and ready to explain. From his great reputation for high principle, as well as political sagacity, it was supposed that he had some very strong conscientious objection to the proposed policy, and every allowance would have been made for him had that been the case. But when the mountain at last only produced a mouse—when it was found that he approved of the measure, and was ready to support it out of office, but had resigned only that he might preserve his personal motives from suspicion, it was felt that such untimely scruples, whether they arose from purism or selfishness, were, at the time, out of place, and that they afforded a bad guarantee for the political wisdom of one who could thus risk the stability of a government in order to secure a brief personal *éclat*.

One more phase of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary career has yet to be viewed. He has presented himself in the two opposite characters of the man of theories and abstractions, and the man of figures, statistics, and official aptitude. Called from the position of an independent member of Parliament, representing, not so much pecuniary or class interests out of doors, as certain extreme opinions on religious subjects and on the general theory of government, which, till he gave them utterance, had scarcely found a voice amidst the hot and ephemeral contests of public men, he was, as has been seen, fully equal to the new but laborious duties imposed upon him. Promoted again from the position of a subordinate to that of a colleague with the leaders of his party, he was found once more equal to the duties of his new station. But with increased official importance there came another change in Mr. Gladstone's character. With a facility of adoption, which is characteristic of a superior mind, he at once assumed the higher responsibilities and more important duties which his new field of action required. He mounted rapidly, and with a commanding success, to the position of a statesman. His speeches embraced topics more directly associated with the general policy of the country than when he was explaining, with a lofty eloquence, his own cherished theories, or when, with a modest ability, he confined himself to the necessary but irksome expositions required by his subordinate rank. He now also began to throw himself with more ardor into the party conflicts of the time; to recognize, however reluctantly, the influence of party spirit; to use his powers as an orator, not merely for the exposition of truth, but also for the pleasure of victory. He now showed powers as a debater which he had not before been supposed to possess. As in former periods of his brief public life, he had but to make the attempt in his new sphere of action in order to succeed. If his success was not triumphant—if he did not so powerfully excite the passions of the house as some of his contemporaries, he amply made up for the deficiency by the superior skill, the cool precision of his process of attack or defence, the logical force and accuracy of his reasoning, the determined vigor with which his intellectual powers were brought to bear upon the subject, and, by their admirable training and subordination to the purpose of his mind, made to secure the victory. It was observable, too, how the influence of his character added weight to his speeches, by inspiring confidence in his motives and his judgment. However much the house might feel on their guard against the plausibilities of Sir Robert Peel, or the hypocrisies of Sir James Graham, they seemed to place trust in Mr. Gladstone—to feel a confidence that his moral integrity

would not allow him to be carried far away from the strict line of honorable argument for the sake of triumph and applause, to be won by the exhibition of intellectual skill. And it is to Mr. Gladstone's credit that this reliance, so rare in parliamentary affairs, was seldom or never misplaced. There have been few speakers who have held a high rank, or obtained great influence with their party, who have so little sacrificed their political honor. The chief characteristic of his powers as a debater was the singularly comprehensive view which he was able to take, instantaneously and apparently without previous reflection, of the whole scope of the argument—of its strong as well as of its weak points—which his position in the debate obliged him to answer. Scarcely had the preceding speaker closed his lips ere Mr. Gladstone would rise, and, with the clear vision of a calm mind, reproduce in a bold outline the whole body of his speech; and having thus set the picture, as it were, before the mind's eye of his audience, he would proceed with admirable analysis to criticise its faults and short-comings, holding up its defects with no inconsiderable power of quiet ridicule, while giving to its merits that amount of praise which he conscientiously believed to be their due. And then, with equal calmness and philosophical steadiness of purpose, he would proceed to draw with a bold pencil the outline of the policy which he was disposed to recommend, laying down the principles so clearly, and drawing the conclusions with such precision, as to leave a strong and definite impression on the mind of the hearer of the rationality and coherency at least of the system, if not a conviction of its truth. There is nothing brilliant about Mr. Gladstone's oratorical displays. His triumphs as a debator are achieved by the aid—not of the passions, as with Sir James Graham, or with Mr. Shiel; not of prejudice and fallacy, as with Sir Robert Peel; not with imagination and high seductive coloring, as with Mr. Macaulay; but—of pure reason. He does not unhorse his opponent in the tourney, but checkmates him on the chess-board. His influence on the house is of a mild, elevating, humanizing character. He never exasperates, at least, if he will not bend himself to the attempt to reconcile. He grows in strength with the progress of his cause, and that cause he always believes to be the cause of truth. Looked at critically, Mr. Gladstone's speeches are open to some objections. He does not understand, so well as one would have expected from a man of his general good taste, the value of abstinence. He is so possessed with his subject, so anxious to thoroughly investigate it, to take the many-sided view, in order the more fairly to grasp the truth, that he forgets how much he sometimes trespasses on the attention of his hearers. Intrinsically, the subject may be well worth the time he bestows upon it; and his occasional prolixity has this excuse, that it is only a fault occasioned by too anxious a desire to take a philosophical view. But the audience he usually addresses are not so devoted as he is to the cause of truth, and they are apt to charge him with unnecessary elaboration. In the language he uses he is open to similar objections. Although occasionally he can be terse, and even epigrammatic, it is only at rare intervals in his speeches that he is so; they are, in the main, disfigured by an euphonistic phraseology, an unnecessary resort to Latinized forms of speech, and an annoying liberality of circumlocution. It must be understood that Mr. Gladstone is not chargeable with mere wordiness. His mind is too fertile to

allow him to take refuge in such inflated commonplace as one sometimes hears from some other members. It is not that there is any poverty of ideas, but that he has contracted a vicious habit of overloading his sentences with unnecessary subdivisions of explanation—all very choice and very perfect, both in themselves and in the language in which they are conveyed, but which become extremely tedious when they are addressed to a large assembly, who are naturally impatient of unnecessary calls on their time.

It will not be surprising that, with these peculiar qualities of mind, Mr. Gladstone should not afford materials for any very brilliant portrait of himself as an orator. His physical powers scarcely keep pace with the calls made on them by his intellect, for the fulfilment of the conditions of his parliamentary position. Had he a more commanding presence, a stronger voice, and a more combative spirit, he would take rank with the very first speakers of the day. But the bent of his nature is not towards strife, and inclination with him ever lags at the heels of necessity. Thus, however the determination to fulfil his duty, to enunciate and enforce the views he conceives to be good for the time being, may force him into the arena, there is always a want of power in his speeches, sometimes resulting from a philosophical indifference, sometimes taking the shape of a languid reluctance. His personal appearance helps to reinforce this impression. His recluse-like air has been already mentioned. His voice accords with it. It is the voice one often hears from men of the poetical temperament, or in whom the passions have long been subdued in the intense application of the mind to study. As such spirits seem to the imagination to be but shadows to the bustling, worldly men, so do such voices seem as but the shadows of voices. There is sound, clear and intelligible, but without tone or volume; and you cannot conceive how passion in any shape can seize on such a vehicle of expression. When Mr. Gladstone is speaking, you might almost imagine that you heard a voice afar off, or the echo of a voice—it is not that it is husky, or indistinct, but you catch the sound as though you overheard him communing with himself. It is as if you saw a bright picture through a filmy veil. His countenance, without being strictly handsome, is highly intellectual. A pale complexion, slightly tinged with olive, and dark hair, cut rather close to his head, with an eye of remarkable depth, still more impress you with the abstracted character of his disposition. The expression of his face would be sombre were it not for the striking eye, which has a remarkable fascination. But the advantage which this highly intellectual expression would give him is, in a great measure, neutralized by the want of a corresponding dignity in gait and carriage. An abstraction of mind, from which he reluctantly arouses himself, is the great characteristic of Mr. Gladstone. His whole personal appearance and habits as an orator confirm, in a remarkable manner, this conclusion, which would be so naturally drawn from his writings and some of his speeches.

Upon the whole, Mr. Gladstone appears likely to take hereafter a very important and prominent position in public affairs. The tendency of political events, for many years past, has been towards a result which might be very prejudicial to the country. The legislative power has, at every successive mutation of parties, fallen more and more within the grasp of the many, as distinguished from

those leading minds of the country who have been trained in statesmanship, and whose extensive information and elevation of mind qualify them to arbitrate between conflicting interests, whose mutual jealousies, and their desire for self-advancement, would not allow of their being left to decide their battles of themselves. That the popular influence should to a certain extent prevail is essential for the protection of our free institutions, and the gradual extension of political privileges, as well as of social advantages, among those who are entitled to enjoy them. But the risk we run is, that at every fall the aristocracy may meet with in their great wrappings with the democracy or with the middle classes, they may be injured to an extent ultimately injurious to all. Nor is there less risk to the community in that spirit of lofty defiance, or of obstinate obstruction, to which an aristocracy so assailed are sometimes driven by the instinct of self-defence. In such a state of things, men like Mr. Gladstone would be invaluable at the head of affairs. Sprung as he is from the middle classes, being the son of a Liverpool merchant, less suspicion would attach to the ideas he is known to entertain on the subject of government than if he were the descendant of a feudal aristocrat; while the liberal tendency of his opinions on all subjects identified with the social and political welfare of his countrymen, would afford a guarantee that his notions as to government by the few, instead of by the many, would not be pushed to dangerous extremes. It is probable that Mr. Gladstone will prove himself a philosophical statesman in the highest sense of the term, and that he will inspire a confidence among his more reflective fellow-countrymen that will induce them to trust him very largely, should he, in company with other great men of the day, be called upon to take charge of the interests of the country. He has shown himself so apt and ready in every position of life in which he has been placed, so entirely equal to great and unexpected emergencies, that we should not be surprised to find him hereafter displaying powers and capabilities of the existence of which the public have no suspicion.

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARGENTINE.*

A VOLUME lies before us which may be said to be in some respects a literary curiosity. If analyzed, it would be found to contain—first, the adventures of a poor little destitute boy of New York, who became eventually a colonel in the army of the Argentine Republic; second, a sketch of political occurrences there during that period; and third, some brief notices—partly given in a chapter at the end, and partly scattered throughout the work—of the state of manners in that portion of South America.

The historical department we shall have little to do with, and for more than one good reason. Though full of interest, and indeed of a species of romantic excitement, it is not sufficiently intelligible to the general reader to be useful. It is intended to illustrate the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia and Uruguay; but the author plunges suddenly into a detail of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, forgetting that a majority of his readers have only a very confused notion even of the geo-

* Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the author's Personal Adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country. By Colonel J. Anthony King. London: Longman. 1846.

graphical localities of his story, and hardly any at all of their previous position and the train of circumstances which originated the states in question.

The adventures of the author, Colonel King, we cannot so briefly pass over. They form one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography extant; and we shall take some trouble in sifting them from the general details, so as to present a continuous narrative.

"In the year 1817, at the age of fourteen years, I left my native city (New York) in company with a man named Barker, and without a dollar in my purse, took passage for Norfolk, Virginia. Arrived there, both of our trunks were left as hostage for our passage, and we together strolled into town. By the sale of a pocket-knife we obtained food, and parted for the day, each seeking some means of employment. On the following day we met, and Barker informed me that he had engaged himself as a school teacher in the country. He had obtained money sufficient to redeem his trunk, which having obtained, we parted; and I stood alone a stranger, without employment, or the means even to purchase a morsel of food. I at length took quarters at the Bell-Tavern, where I remained a short time, when, strolling one day along the wharves, I found a vessel about to sail, bound for Baltimore, and without ceremony took passage to that city. On my arrival at Baltimore I took up my quarters at the house of a Mr. Pitcher, hoping speedily to obtain employment, or at least to make myself sufficiently useful to render an equivalent for my board; but at the end of two weeks I was no better off, and my host, with my consent, obtained shipping papers, and placed me on board the brig Wycoona. The landlord received my advance money, and gave me, as an outfit for the voyage, *two shirts* in addition to the wardrobe then on my back.

"Where the vessel was bound to I neither knew nor inquired; it was all one to me. I had foolishly left my home, and was too proud to return."

The vessel turns out to be a privateer in the service of the Buenos Ayrean government; and on anchoring at the capital, the youth was set on shore as a useless hand, and wandered into the city with no other worldly riches than his wardrobe tied up in a little bundle. He traversed the streets, gazing eagerly about him, till the name of Flusk on the sign-board of a tavern appeared to look something like English, and he went in. The person at the bar, taking him for a beggar, told him he had nothing for him; but the poor lad was determined to see Mr. Flusk, and Mr. Flusk turned out to be a good-natured Irishman, with whom he boarded for several weeks. This time he spent in a vain search for employment, till Mr. Flusk himself stepped in to his assistance, and "got him a master," (M. Coquelet,) a Frenchman, who kept a fancy and perfumery store.

"I soon found myself in good quarters. My master was kind to me, and, by assiduity, I soon won his confidence and esteem. With his wife too, who was an amiable lady, I soon became a great favorite; and it is to this family that I am indebted for all that afterwards befell me, whether for good or for ill, during a long series of terrible and bloody years. At this house I first saw a certain officer, of high rank in the service of the republic, who occasionally visited the family of my employer, and from whom I received many little tokens of kindness.

"I remained with Coquelet several months; the necessities of my destitution had all been supplied;

my obligations to my friend Flusk were satisfied; and with this relief from anxiety and ease of circumstances came a restless desire for change. I suffered with ennui from confinement to my shop, which seemed to me more as a prison-house than an asylum; and although sincerely gratified for the many manifestations of kindness which I had received from the family, I spoke often and freely to madame of my desire for more active employment. This was at length communicated by the lady to the officer above-mentioned, with a request that he would, if possible, assist me in the attainment of my wish. This officer had already shown me evidence of a 'liking;' and immediately after this announcement had been made to him, he sent for me, and said, 'My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?'

"Almost choking with joy, I replied, 'Senor, nothing would delight me more.'

"'Very well,' said he; 'I will see if I can obtain a flag for you.'

"A flag! thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission, and with the rank of *bandero*, at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise; and two or three days after this interview, the supreme director, Pursdon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, 'Go now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune.'

On receiving soon after at Santa Fé, from General Ramirez, a commission as ensign in his own corps, the following significant colloquy took place:—

"'Anglo-American, the recommendations that you bring have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot!'

"'General,' I replied, 'let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty.'

"'It is very well,' said he; 'you are now going to fight against General Artigas.'

"'Artigas?' said I.

"'Yes; the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners.'

"'Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners,' I replied.

"'True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?'

"'I have been told that he sews them in raw hides, and leaves them in the sun to perish.'

"'You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle.'

The ensign was soon after present at a battle—his first battle—against General Artigas; and "a sickening sensation for a few moments held possession of his faculties, and the blood seemed chilling about his heart." But this did not prevent him from playing his part so well, that, after the action, he was complimented by his commander; and in due time the friendless, homeless, moneyless, hungry wanderer of the streets of Buenos Ayres reentered the city a successful soldier.

"Anxious to see my old friends again, I obtained leave of absence for three days, and immediately called at the house of Coquelet. But I shall not attempt to describe the expressions of astonishment and delight with which I was greeted by madame as I entered the shop, wearing the uniform of an adjutant in the republican army. Flinging both hands above her head, and with eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, she shook

my hand with great glee, praised my uniform, talked of my promotion, declared I should be governor yet, and finally insisted that I should spend my whole 'leave' at her house. This, however, could not be done; and after taking breakfast with them, I sallied forth to make my obeisance to Flusk and others who, like them, had known me in less propitious times."

The next battle he was engaged in was against Carrere, and was unsuccessful. He was beaten, and sustained with courage the horrors of a most disastrous flight, which was stopped by a new and more ruthless enemy in front. They fought as long as it seemed possible, and then sent a flag of truce with an offer of capitulation. The officer bearing it was shot without ceremony before their eyes, and, goaded to desperation, they fought again. Most of them were now cut to pieces in the conflict; some were murdered after it was over; and our adventurer, having his ribs fractured by the butt end of a musket, was taken prisoner with about twenty of his comrades, and carried off, his captors assuring them that they would "shoot them by and by."

All on a sudden their conductors found themselves prisoners in turn. They had blundered into a division of the antagonist army, and King was again at liberty. Being disabled by his wounds, he set out with a small party for Cordova, but on the route they were attacked by a strong party of the enemy in a corral, or cattle-yard, of a farm-house. Most of the defenders were bayoneted, but a few, after being compelled to march on foot after the victors for some distance, were set at liberty. The majority of these proceeded on their journey, but King and one of his comrades were tempted to return to the cattle-yard to see if anything had been left that could be made useful. "Among the rubbish, half burned, he found a blanket, and a hat almost rimless; and I found a remnant of scorched calico, of which we made covering for our bodies. Crasey also found a box containing a magic lantern, which had belonged to his own stock of valuables; whereupon he uttered an exclamation of joy. 'Here is a prize worth its weight in gold,' said he; 'with this we can pay our way, and be independent, if we ever come where there are any people.'

"We had found among the ruins a remnant of salt beef, from which we made a supper, and tying the remainder in a rag, determined to spend the night where we were. On the next morning we commenced our journey westward, and somewhat at random. As we approached the town of San Luis, a slight shudder came irrepressibly over my frame; we were traversing the very road by which Ramirez had, a short time before, led us to the disastrous onslaught in our last campaign. How different were my sensations from those with which I approached the city of Buenos Ayres the second time! My first visit to this place was in a moment of pride and panoply; now I drew towards it with a calico rag about my person, scarcely sufficient to cover my nakedness, and with a sense of reluctance that would have better become a thief on his way to the justice. I thought, by way of consolation, of the necessary and natural 'ups and downs' of life; but, after all my philosophy, I could not resist the conclusion that I was getting my share of the 'downs' in a lump. I was, however, but a novice as yet.

"On our arrival, we entered the town with the humility of mendicants. We applied at a house in the suburbs, within a few roods of the place where

I received my first wound, and told our story of distress, which obtained for us a little cast-off clothing and food. Clad in more becoming habiliments, I agreed to join Crasey in the exhibition of his magic lantern—partly from necessity, but mostly as a means of concealing my true character—until I should know better what course to pursue, and whether it would be safe to make myself known to Colonel Ortis. We accordingly took lodgings, and announced our exhibition to take place on the next evening. The time arrived; and Crasey, having borrowed a sheet for the purpose, placed it against the wall of a room, and while he made a display of his fantastic figures, I was stationed at the door of entrance to receive *un medio chelin entrado*, or sixpence, as the price of admission. Our audience quite equalled our expectations; and from the receipts of the evening we realized a profit of about three dollars. The next evening we again exhibited, with like success; but at this exhibition came Colonel Ortis himself, who, notwithstanding my disguise, recognized me. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'my old friend!' then checking himself, he added in an under-tone—'Call at my house when your exhibition is over;' and without saying more he passed into the apartment."

He was recommended to leave the town instantly; and he and his companion Crasey set out, as poor as ever, on a journey over the Andes, and in two months arrived at the town of San Juan. Here King, with his usual fortune, was thrown into a dungeon without being told of what he was accused. "My heart, late so buoyant with hope, fell with the heaviness of lead; for I well knew that in these cells were confined none but prisoners of state, few of whom ever quitted their incarceration but to meet an execution in the prison-yard. Thus confined, the prisoner awaits in solitude the decision of a despot. From day to day, from hour to hour, perhaps for months, he may remain; and when at length an officer enters the prison-house, holding a sealed packet in his hand, and invites the prisoner forth, none know its contents until the parties have reached the yard. Here the packet is opened: if it direct his release, he is set at liberty; if it command his death, he is immediately shot. I was at once placed in a cell, *entro porto* (or between two doors.) My cell being about four feet wide by twelve in length, with a small grating at the top of the wall over one of the doors, through which I could see in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras, and a corresponding grating at the opposite end, from which I could see only the tops of the orange-trees in a neighboring garden, with their golden fruit flashing in the sunlight." In three months he was liberated on condition of transferring his services to the state of Alto Peru, and immediately a magical change took place in his fortunes. The scene is the town of Tucuman, which he had reached on his way. "Having now the means, I lost no time in procuring a uniform becoming my rank, and immediately found myself in a position which gave room for the enjoyment of social pleasure; the first, indeed, that I had known during a period of about six years, which I had now spent in the republics of South America. Our evenings were passed at balls and conversational parties, and I entered into the spirit of their enjoyments with all the eagerness of one who had been long severed from the cheering influences of civil life. Surrounded with beauty, fashion, and luxury, and with the most distinguished and wealthy for my companions, I went on through the torrent of gayety with a bewildering sense of happi-

ness, and, for the first time since I had taken arms, looked forward with a feeling of discontent to the moment when I should receive orders to renew our march." This did not last long. The scene changes. "Soured in temper with my sickness, hardships, and ill-usages, I felt little of the spirit of kindness for any one, and less desire to associate with any of my kind. I had as yet met with nothing but reverses and toil; and in all my sufferings from year to year, not the sound of a single sympathetic voice had fallen upon my spirit to check or soften its growing asperities. No compensation had I ever received, and my clothing was little better than rags. I became moody and taciturn, and often, in my most sombre moods, I drew my garro (cap) over my brow, and wrapped myself closely in my own miserable thoughts. I sat beneath a porch of the shanty that furnished quarters for my relief, when I perceived a Spanish gentleman on the road, moving with his splendid horse-trappings, servants, and two heavy trunks carried by mules, towards Humaguaca. He had somehow passed my outer picket unobserved, and rode by me with a careless glance.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, 'you look on me with contempt; but you little think that you must ride back again!'

"At a quarter of a mile he was hailed by my inside picket, and his passport being unsigned by me, he was brought back again. I appeared not to notice him as he returned, and heard him ask the guard—'Who is your commandant?'

"That is he, señor, upon the porch.'

"That!"

"The don raised his hat, and approached me bowing. "'Senor commandanté,' said he, 'will you oblige me by giving a passport!' at the same time handing me the paper.

"Sit down, señor," said I, pointing to a bench that stood near, and glancing at the passport, which I found correct. 'Now, señor,' said I, 'if you will tell me what you thought of me as you rode past, I will sign your passport.'

"He hesitated.

"Speak out, señor; I think I know your thoughts. Speak truly.'

"To tell the truth, then," he replied, 'I thought you were a beggar.'

"I endorsed his passport, and he went on." Matters get worse and worse. A great battle is fought, and lost; and in his flight our adventurer and his comrades fall into the hands of a body of Indians, ornamented by a button passed through the lower lip. "We found here a people numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the color of their clime; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company." A quarrel occurs with the innocent and happy savages through the villany of one of the civilized men; but the refugees find it easy to escape by simply marching off after dusk, the superstition of the Indians forbidding them to interfere at an hour when the dreaded spirit of the night has charge of the world.

They arrive at Oran ragged and dirty, and the officers are invited by the governor to a ball. "With a very awkward grace we followed his excellency to an apartment of magnificence, where glittering forms of beauty flitted across our vision, causing a contrast with the scenes from which we had just emerged that was to me even painful. As I entered the room, a lady, with the form of a sylph, left her seat and came hastily towards me with a sweet smile, saying playfully, 'Cavallero, I'll wash your shirt.'

"I now perceived it to be the Dona Cacinta R——, who had recognized me, and I replied in the same strain, 'Senora, 'tis but half a one!'" Matters, however, begin to mend. He receives a commission as colonel, and is in command of seven hundred men, when he takes it into his head to visit a neighboring town. Here he is felled to the ground by a brawny friar for not observing the procession of the Host in time to get out of its way; and on the same day he is arrested for the crime, and lies in a dungeon for three months. At the end of that period the friar calls on him, and offers him his liberty if he will become a catholic. He declines.

"Then only say you are a catholic." He is still obdurate. "You will not say the word?" "No."

"Then I will;" and he is speedily at liberty. He returns to Oran, and finds the governor deposed, his regiment disbanded, and himself a total stranger. Friendless, penniless, and alone, the adventurer betakes himself again to the road, in the hope of finding his way once more to Buenos Ayres. He is lodged and fed at a town on the road by the charity of an old woman; and, selling his sword, he proceeds on the strength of its produce, (a few shillings,) till at a village he makes the acquaintance of a gentleman whose son had served with him in the field, and had been slain—or rather murdered—by the enemy. From this place he proceeds to Cordova, with only one arrest and imprisonment on his way; and on arriving there, an incident occurs which changes his whole fortune. "During my present stay in Cordova I became acquainted with, and married, the Dona Juana—a connexion of Governor Bustes—of good family, finished accomplishments, and the most perfect gentleness and amiability of disposition. By this marriage I became instantly transported from a state little removed from absolute poverty to one of luxury and wealth." After this he meets with another incarceration, and narrowly escapes with his life; but thenceforward the narrative is almost entirely historical; and in 1841 (his wife having previously died) he finally returned to the United States, after a course of adventure as singular and various as perhaps exists on record. His revelations of the atrocities committed in the course of the broils in which he was engaged, impart a fresh horror of war and all its abettors.

BEST-ROOT BREAD.—A baker of Vienna has made a discovery, which, at the present moment, may prove of high importance—the use of beet-root in making bread. Two loaves, one consisting of one half, the other of five eighths beet-root, the remainder being of wheat flour, were sent for the inspection of the minister of agriculture and commerce. The loaves were baked on the 30th October, and on the 20th November retained all the taste and appearance of a good household bread. The bread is made in the usual manner, only with less water and a little more salt. The beet-root must be grated at the moment of making use of it. The Austrian minister has ordered different experiments to be made, which, however, it is easy for any person to do themselves

From Tait's Magazine.

LORD NELSON'S LETTERS AND DISPATCHES.*

THIS voluminous work—nationally important as an historical record, and yet more interesting as the autobiography, the “Confessions” of an illustrious man, remarkable as much from individual character as for heroic achievements—is brought to a close by the publication of a seventh volume; and very little more, we apprehend, remains to be added to the most enduring of all monuments—the literary monument of a great man. And in spite of his many weaknesses—“amiable weaknesses” all—and of his vanity, vain-glory, credulity, and susceptibility of flattery, and the errors which arose from worse frailties, “England’s Nelson” was not only her greatest sea-captain, but a man to be beloved; a type of her cherished, if *beau-ideal*, sailor; the very sublime of her Jack Tar; as brave and enterprising; as devoted to her glory, and his own fame; and without much more thought or comprehension of anything beyond his own ship’s deck. As free, too, and liberal-hearted; and quite as much the dupe of his own narrow prejudices and self-conceit, and of the arts of profligate women. The main difference, if not the only one, was, that the officer, the commander, the admiral, had a wider sphere of duty and enterprise; and that the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton were his inspirers, instead of Doll of Plymouth, or Sue of Wapping, who dupe Tom or Joe, the equally brave hero of the deck, the gun, the cutlass, or boarding-pike. Generically, the characters are one; but Nelson was the sublime of that character; and in addition, a thoroughly trained, as well as a most zealous, naval officer; quite as capable of discharging the minutest duty of his rank, from that of midshipman to admiral of the fleet, as the most obscure seaman under his command could be to perform his well-learned routine task in skilfully working the ship, or bravely fighting the enemy when before him. The secret of Nelson’s great popularity lay partly in his sailor-like qualities; and we imagine that although St. Vincent or Collingwood—to take opposite instances—had been the victors of the Nile and Trafalgar, they never could have become equal favorites, either with the nation or the navy. We took leave of Nelson in 1804, watching the Toulon fleet as a cat does a mouse; ardently impatient for action, and, as at all times, confident of success, yet omitting no duty, however minute or trivial its details, that could maintain discipline, promote the comfort, or keep alive the spirit of the crews of the ships under his command. The commander of the Toulon squadron at this time was Vice-Admiral La Touche Tréville, whose premature death, according to M. Thiers, was the reason that England, so often menaced, was not then invaded and annihilated. But when M. Thiers writes upon certain delicate subjects, his assertions are to be received with considerable allowance. At all events, Nelson impatiently longed to measure strength and skill with this formidable La Touche Tréville, and did what he could to tempt him to leave port; but the Frenchman, after sundry feints, and coquettings with his watcher, always prudently returned to shelter. One day Nelson writes:—

“Do not think I am tired of watching Mr. La Touche Tréville. I have now taken up a method of making him angry. I have left Sir Richard

Bickerton, with part of the fleet, twenty leagues from hence, and, with five of the line, am preventing his cutting capers, which he had done for some time past, off Cape Sicie. Mr. La Touche has several times hoisted his top-sail yards up; and on the 4th of June, we having hoisted the standard and saluted, he sent outside Sepet, about one mile, five sail of the line and two frigates, and kept three sail and three frigates with their yards aloft, himself one of them, and the rear-admiral another, therefore I did not believe him to be in earnest; however, we ran as near as was proper, and brought to. They formed a pretty line at sunset, and then stood into the harbor. A ship of the line and frigate every morning weigh, and stand between Sepet and La Malgue. Some happy day I expect to see his eight sail, which are in the outer road, come out; and if he will get abreast of Porquerolle, I will try what stuff he is made of.”

Tréville, to please Napoleon and the nation, at this time officially reported that Nelson feared to encounter him. The Frenchman’s misrepresentation—if falsehood be not rather the proper word—fired him with indignation, and, giving the statement a flat contradiction in his letter to the Admiralty, he more characteristically wrote to his brother:—

“You will have seen Monsieur La Touche’s letter, of how he chased me, and how I ran. I keep it; and, by God, if I take him, he shall eat it.”

Nelson wanted that rare element of greatness, that self-relying power which prevents distinguished and high-minded men from grumbling even when their merits are overlooked. He loved to serve his country, but he equally desired to have his services duly appreciated, highly applauded, and—though far from sordid—well paid for in honors and in cash. There was, in particular, no end to his grumbling discontent with the Admiralty, however it happened to be composed. It had become a habit, a chronic complaint; and at this period he had an access.

The Toulon fleet, after all his care and vigilance, escaped him, and he was fit to shoot himself. One cannot help sympathizing in his mortal chagrin, when it was too certain that he had been baffled. “I have nothing to wish for but to meet them; and am in truth half dead; but what man can do to find them out shall be done. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. It cannot last long what I feel.” The wind was against him. His “good fortune” seemed flown away. “I cannot,” he writes, “get a fair wind, nor even a side-wind. Dead foul! dead foul!” Nelson was not distinguished by the heroic virtue of magnanimity. He never felt himself in the wrong, and never scrupled to throw blame upon any one who he imagined had impeded his fortunes. He had at this time been misled by information sent to him about the French fleet, in all good faith, by General Brereton. To one friend he writes in his despair:—“I am as completely miserable as my greatest enemy could wish me; but I neither blame fortune nor my own judgment. Oh, General Brereton! General Brereton!” To Mr. Davison his agent, his warm admirer, and the very indulgent censor of his frailties, he unfolds his whole mind, and makes one almost fear that the glory of Nelson was at least as powerful a motive as high-souled, disinterested patriotism. He thus writes:—“I am as miserable as you can conceive. But for General Brereton’s d—d information, Nelson would have been, living or dead, the

* Volumes VI. and VII. London: Colburn.

greatest man in his profession that England ever saw. . . . When I follow my own head, I am in general much more correct than in following the opinions of others." And this professionally was quite true. Every able man best understands his own business, and what in any emergency is required of him. While thus watching, pursuing, and being baffled—we must not say, being out-maneuvred—by the French commanders, two years of irksome duty revolved, during which Nelson had not once left the Victory. In the mean time, M. La Touche Tréville had died, and been succeeded by Admiral Villeneuve, and it was now July, 1805. From his private correspondence at this time, we shall select a few characteristic paragraphs. The first is from a letter to Lady Hamilton—a lady who places Sir Nicholas Harris in a somewhat awkward dilemma. From either not having quite made up his mind about the character of the lady, or the nature of her connexion with Nelson, he seems to feel as if on slippery ground. At first he had resolved to print none of the letters addressed to her; and he plainly intimates that he places no faith in their authenticity, unless where it is established by existing autographs. But again, the complete suppression of these letters would have been a great blank in the life and correspondence of Nelson, as Lady Hamilton now held the place of his deserted wife, and into her bosom he for many years poured his most secret feelings. It would, however, have been desirable that the editor should have made up his mind about this lady, which, up to the death of Nelson and the close of the correspondence, he does not appear to have done. But whatever doubts still remain in his mind, there can be none, we think, in the mind of any unbiassed reader. There can be no question that the sailor Nelson was throughout the dupe of an artful woman, possessed of many of the fascinations or meretricious arts which captivate men of his character. Nor is it wonderful that the incense she continually burned before him should have intoxicated his brain. But again, Lady Hamilton was "good-hearted." She used her influence with the hero of the Nile to obtain the pardon of offending sailors, though, for aught that is seen, this may either have been properly or improperly; and one would like to see English seamen protected by the laws of their country, without the intercession of either wives or mistresses. The aged Neapolitan Admiral experienced none of her ladyship's tender mercies.

A most romantic episode in Nelson's life, which is recorded in the last volume of his correspondence, is the mysterious story of his putative daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson. No one, we think, who soberly reads even the statements of Sir Nicholas Harris, can hesitate to come to the conclusion, that this child was neither the daughter of Nelson, which is half affirmed, nor of Lady Hamilton, which we presume no one ever imagined except Nelson himself. That he, however, believed himself the father of Horatia is not more certain than that he believed his "dearest Emma," otherwise his equally beloved "Mrs. Thompson"—evidently the same individual—the mother of the mysterious foundling. But it is not quite certain that the editor does not come to our own conclusion; namely, that Lady Hamilton was *not* the mother, and that Nelson erroneously believed himself the father. Mr. Haslewood, the professional adviser of Lord Nelson, is said to know the name of the mother, "but a sense of honor prevents him from disclosing

it." And it is likely enough that he knows who Lady Hamilton, after Nelson's death, said was the mother. Lady Hamilton, after Nelson's death, always affirmed that her *protégée*, and his daughter, was the child of a lady of rank "too great to be mentioned." This much alone is certain, that Lady Hamilton, by some unknown means, came into the possession of a female infant, which she placed with a nurse named Gibson, with whom the child remained for several years, and whose birth was registered in the baptismal records of the parish of Marylebone, by the name of Horatia Nelson Thompson, born in October, 1800, and baptized in May, 1803. The child was occasionally visited by Lady Hamilton and Nelson, and when he was at home it was sent for with its nurse. For some good reason, doubtless, the date of its birth was mis-stated. It was placed, by Lady Hamilton, with Mrs. Gibson the nurse, an infant of a week old, in January or February, 1801, and its birth is recorded as in October, 1800. The only theory upon which the affair can be explained is a double mystification, of which Nelson was as much the dupe as Sir William Hamilton, and that when Mrs. Thomson or Thompson is addressed by Nelson under cover to Lady Hamilton, her ladyship is herself the person really meant. This may seem an uncharitable construction, but it is the only rational one the mysterious affair will bear. We shall now quote Sir Nicholas, who at times seems to entertain our opinion, though he is chary of pronouncing it:—

"Of the authenticity of the autograph letters no doubt can possibly be entertained; but it is very difficult to decide how far the printed letters [of Nelson to Lady Hamilton] are genuine, and it is certain that some important passages in them have been suppressed.

"The child always bore the names of Horatia Nelson Thompson, and, in the printed letters, Lord Nelson not only often speaks of a 'Mrs. Thompson, and her child,' in terms of the greatest affection, as well as of its father 'Thompson'; but he is said to have addressed two remarkable letters to Mrs. Thompson herself, under cover to Lady Hamilton. That by 'Thompson,' Lord Nelson meant *himself*; and that by 'Thompson's child,' he referred to the infant called 'Horatia Nelson Thompson,' whom he afterwards styled his 'adopted daughter,' seems evident; but the question is, *who* was 'Mrs. Thompson,' the child's mother?

"It must be observed, that Lord Nelson was constantly at Palermo from the end of October, 1799, until the 16th of January, 1800, when he went to Leghorn, but he returned to Palermo on the 3d of February. On the 12th of February he proceeded off Malta, and returned to Palermo on the 16th of March, and he continued there until the 24th of April, on which day, having Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board, he sailed for Malta. They returned to Palermo on the 1st of June, and left on the 10th for Leghorn, with the Queen of Naples and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Lord Nelson remained at Leghorn until the 17th of July, when he travelled from thence with Sir William and Lady Hamilton to England, arriving in London on the 8th of November, 1800. Hence if Lord Nelson was the father of a child born either in October, 1800, or between that time and February, 1801, the mother of such child must have been at Palermo when it was begotten.

"On the 28th of January, 1801, the name of 'Mrs. Thompson' first occurs in Lord Nelson's letters.

Writing to Lady Hamilton from Plymouth, on that day, he says,—

"I have this moment seen Mrs. Thompson's friend. Poor fellow, he seems very uneasy and melancholy. He begs you to be kind to her, and I have assured him of your readiness to relieve the dear good woman."

Of a particular letter, which must be genuine, he says,—

"If this letter be genuine, Lady Hamilton is assured, in the strongest terms, that she is Nelson's 'own'; that Nelson's 'Alpha and Omega is Emma'; that he 'cannot alter'; that 'his affection and love for her is beyond even this world'; that she is the 'friend of his bosom and dearer to him than life,' on the very day (if the year assigned to it be correct) on which he is said to have written a letter, in equally strong terms, to 'Mrs. Thompson,' and wherein he evidently alludes (though the words are suppressed) to her having had a child, and to the possibility of her having another, calling her his 'wife in the eye of God,' and he is said to have made Lady Hamilton the transmitter of those assurances, in whose possession the letter was found!"

A letter to Lady Hamilton, written soon after the child was put to nurse, runs thus:—

"My dearest friend,—Your letters have made me happy to-day, and never again will I scold, unless you begin; therefore, pray never do. My confidence in you is firm as a rock. [*Here some words are omitted.*] * * * Yours all came safe, but the numbering of them will point out directly, if one is missing. I do not think that anything very particular was in that letter which is lost. * * * I thank you for your kindness to poor dear Mrs. Thompson. I send her a note, as desired by her dear good friend, who doats on her. I send you a few lines wrote in the late gale which I think you will not disapprove. How interesting your letters are! You cannot write too much, or be too particular."

"Of the note enclosed in that letter the following is said to be a copy:—

"I sit down, my dear Mrs. T., by desire of poor Thompson, to write you a line; not to assure you of his eternal love and affection for you and his dear child; but only to say that he is well, and as happy as can be, separated from all which he holds dear in this world. He has no thoughts separated from your dear love, and your interest. They are united with his; one fate, one destiny, he assures me, awaits you both. What can I say more? Only, to kiss his child for him; and love him as truly, sincerely, and faithfully as he does you; which is, from the bottom of his soul. He desires that you will more and more attach yourself to dear Lady Hamilton."

"In March, and apparently on the 10th, Lord Nelson again writes to Lady Hamilton:—

"Having, my truly dearest friend, got through a great deal of business, I am enabled to do justice to my private feelings; which are fixed ever on you and about you, whenever the public service does not arrest my attention. I have read all, all your kind and affectionate letters; and have read them frequently over; and committed them to the flames, much against my inclination. There was one I rejoiced not to have read at the time. It was where you consented to dine and sing with [*a word is here omitted.*] Thank God, it was not so! I could not have borne it, and now less than ever. But I now know, he never can dine with you; for, you would go out of the house sooner than suffer it; and, as to letting him hear you sing, I only hope he will be struck

deaf, and you dumb, sooner than such a thing should happen! But I know, it never now can. You cannot think how my feelings are alive towards you; probably more than ever; and they never can be diminished. My hearty endeavors shall not be wanting, to improve and to give us new ties of regard and affection. I have seen and talked much with Mrs. Thompson's friend. The fellow seems to eat all my words, when I talk of her and his child! He says he never can forget your goodness and kind affection to her and his dear, dear child. I have had, you know, the felicity of seeing it, and a finer child never was produced by any two persons. It was in truth a love-begotten child! I am determined to keep him on board; for I know, if they got together, they would soon have another. But after our two months' trip, I hope they will never be separated; and then let them do as they please. We are all bustle and activity. I shall sail on Monday, after your letter arrives. Trouble will send it as an admiralty letter."

"I charge my only friend to keep well, and think of her Nelson's glory. I have written to Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, as my brother desired. Pray, as you are going to buy a ticket for the Pigot diamond—buy the right number, or it will be money thrown away. Forever, ever yours, only yours. Kindest regards to my dear Mrs. Thompson and my godchild."

A conjecture is thrown out that the child's mother had died at its birth; but years after that date we find Nelson writing "extraordinary letters" to his "beloved Mrs. Thompson," under cover to his "dearest Emma," Lady Hamilton. About a week after, the mysterious child, now three years old, was christened; and after Nelson had seen, and imbibed the warmest affection for her, we find him writing thus:—

"I look at your, and my god-child's picture, but till I am sure of remaining here, I cannot bring myself to hang them up. Be assured that my attachment and affectionate regard is unalterable; nothing can shake it. And pray say so to my dear Mrs. T., when you see her. Tell her, that my love is unbounded to her, and her dear sweet child; and if she should have more, it will extend to all of them. In short, my dear Emma, say everything to her, which your dear, affectionate heart and head can think of. * * * 'Tell Mrs. T. that I will write to her the first safe opportunity. I am not sure of this.'"

"On the 1st of August he wrote to Lady Hamilton:—

"Hardy is now busy, hanging up your and Horatia's picture; and I trust soon to see the other two safe arrived from the exhibition. I want no others to ornament my cabin. I can contemplate them, and find new beauties every day; and I do not want anybody else."

Lady Hamilton was now a widow; and of the authenticity of the following letter to her in her double character of Mrs. Thompson and her own, the editor has doubts. A morsel of it is perhaps more than enough:—

"My dearest beloved [*name omitted*].—To say that I think of you by day, night, and all day and all night, but too faintly express my feelings of love and affection towards you [*words omitted*] unbounded affection. Our dear, excellent, good [*name omitted*] is the only one who knows anything of the matter, and she has promised me when you, [*words omitted*] again, to take every possible care of you, as a proof of her never-failing regard for your own

dear Nelson. Believe me, that I am incapable of wronging you in thought, word, or deed. No, not all the wealth of Peru could buy me for one moment; it is all yours, and reserved wholly for you; and [words omitted] certainly [words omitted] from the first moment of our happy, dear, enchanting, blessed meeting. The thoughts of such happiness, my dearest only beloved, makes the blood fly into my head. The call of our country is a duty which you would deservedly, in the cool moments of reflection, reprobate, was I to abandon; and I should feel so disgraced by seeing you ashamed of me! No longer saying—"This is the man who has saved his country! This is he who is the first to go forth to fight our battles, and the last to return!" And, then, all these honors reflect on you. * * * As you love, how must you feel. My heart is with you, cherish it. I shall, my best beloved, return—if it pleases God—a victor; and it shall be my study to transmit an unsullied name. There is no desire of wealth, no ambition that could keep me from all my soul holds dear. No, it is to save my country, my wife in the eye of God, and [words omitted] will tell you that it is all right; and then only think of our happy meeting. Ever, forever, I am yours, only yours even beyond this world, NELSON & BRONTË.

"Forever, forever, your own NELSON."

"August 26th, 1803."

"If Mr. Addington gives you the pension, it is well; but do not let it fret you. Have you not Merton? It is clear—the first purchase;—and my dear Horatia is provided for; and I hope, one of these days, that you will be my own Duchess of Brontë, and then a fig for them all." He added,—"I am glad to find, my dear Emma, that you mean to take Horatia home. Ay! She is like her mother; will have her own way, or kick up a devil of a dust. But you will cure her. I am afraid I should spoil her, for I am sure I would shoot any one who would hurt her. She was always fond of my watch; and very probably I might have promised her one; indeed, I gave her one, which cost sixpence! But I go nowhere to get anything pretty; therefore do not think me neglectful."

"It appears from this letter, that Lady Hamilton had actually proposed that she, Horatia, and Lord Nelson's niece, Miss Charlotte Nelson, should go out and live on board the *Victory*, or, at all events, stay at Malta, during his command in the Mediterranean; for, after pointing out the impossibility of complying with such a request, he said:—

"I know, my own dear Emma, if she will let her reason have fair play, will say I am right; but she is, like Horatia, very angry, if she cannot have her own way. Her Nelson is called upon, in the most honorable manner, to defend his country. Absence to us is equally painful; but if I had either staid at home, or neglected my duty abroad, would not my Emma have blushed for me! She could never have heard my praises, and how the country looks up. I am writing, my dear Emma, to reason the point with you; and I am sure you will see it in its true light. * * * Kiss dear Horatia for me, and tell her to be a dutiful and good child, and if she is, that we shall always love her. You may, if you like, tell Mrs. G. [Gibson, the nurse] that I shall certainly settle a small pension on her. It shall not be large, as we may have the pleasure of making her little presents; and, my dearest Emma, I shall not be wanting to everybody who has been kind to you, be they servants or gentlefolks. Admiral Lutwidge is a good man, and I like Mrs. Lutwidge, and shall always more, because she is fond of you.

Never mind the great Bashaw at the Priory. He be damned! If he was single and had a mind to marry you, he could only make you a Marchioness; but as he is situated, and I situated, I can make you a Duchess, and if it pleases God, that time may arrive. Amen! Amen!"

The "Great Bashaw" must have been the Marquis of Abercorn.

But this letter was enclosed, in another of the same date, openly addressed to Lady Hamilton, of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt:

"My dearest Emma—by the Canopus, Admiral Campbell, I have received all your truly kind and affectionate letters, from May 20th to July 3d; with the exception of one, dated May 31st, sent to Naples. This is the first communication I have had with England since we sailed. All your letters, my dear letters, are so entertaining! and which paint so clearly what you are after, that they give me either the greatest pleasure or pain. It is the next best thing to being with you. I only desire, my dearest Emma, that you will always believe, that Nelson's your own. Nelson's Alpha and Omega is Emma! I cannot alter; my affection and love is beyond even this world! nothing can shake it but yourself; and that, I will not allow myself to think, for a moment is possible. I feel that you are the real friend of my bosom, and dearer to me than life; and, that I am the same to you. But, I will never have P.'s nor Q.'s come near you! No; not the slice of Single Gloster! But, if I was to go on, it would argue that want of confidence which would be injurious to your honor. I rejoice that you have had so pleasant a trip into Norfolk; and I hope, one day, to carry you there by a nearer tie in law, but not in love and affection, than at present. I wish you would never mention that person's name! It works up your anger for no useful purpose. Her good or bad character, of me or thee, no one cares about. This letter will find you at dear Merton; where we shall one day meet, and be truly happy."

"That person" was Lady Nelson; she was the "impediment" that he hoped "God Almighty might remove," that he might make either Mrs. Thompson, or Lady Hamilton, both or either, his "own Duchess of Brontë." The documents given are certainly all very curious as private history; yet it may be doubted if so much of them ought to have appeared in "The Letters and Dispatches of Nelson." Sir Nicholas recapitulates the story from the beginning, and palliates Nelson's infatuated attachment as far as is possible. Up to the battle of the Nile there was nothing decisive to object to; but after that the hero returned to Naples, and—

"Enthusiastic as was the reception of Nelson at Naples by all classes, the rapture of his friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, exceeded even the general joy; and their interview on board the *Vanguard* can only be understood by reading his own description of it to Lady Nelson. The wounded hero became the object of their tenderest solicitude, and the gratitude which their kindness excited in his heart was as permanent as it was sincere. At this time a correspondence commenced between Lady Hamilton and Lady Nelson; and though rumors of the improper nature of his intimacy had appeared in the newspapers and reached England, and though Mr. Davison had written to Lord Nelson in December, 1798, expressing his regret that he did not return to England, and said that Lady Nelson was 'uneasy and anxious, which was not to be wondered at;' that she had declared that, unless he soon came home, she would go to Naples, and that

he should 'excuse a woman's tender feelings—they are too acute to be expressed,' she wrote in her usual calm and affectionate style to her husband so late as February and March, 1800, (the latest letters the editor has seen,) and on the 14th of October, 1799, she expressed her surprise to Lord Nelson that Lady Hamilton had not acknowledged the receipt of some prints which she had packed up for her with her own hands.

"To Nelson's personal gratitude for Lady Hamilton's kindness, was added a strong sense of the services which her influence at the court of Naples, and especially with the queen, had, as he supposed, enabled her to render to the public, and to which he often adverted, especially in the codicil to his will.

During this period, it was natural that a fascinating woman should, in the absence of his own wife, have obtained great influence over a guest whose fame she pretended to adore, and to whom she daily administered the dangerous but grateful homage of flattery and praise. Nor is it surprising that her early history, the example of a corrupt court, and the disparity of years between herself and her husband, should have exposed their intimacy to suspicion, or that to her suggestions the admirers of Nelson should have imputed what they saw reason to condemn in his public conduct. With all her faults, however, her goodness of heart is undeniable. She was the frequent intercessor with Nelson for offending sailors; and, in every vicissitude of her fortune, she manifested the warmest affection for her mother, and showed the greatest kindness to a host of discreditable relations.

Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton arrived in London on the 6th of November, 1800, and, as has been already stated, instead of Lady Nelson meeting her husband at Yarmouth on his landing, after an absence of two years and seven months, during which time he had immortalized himself, and made her a peeress, her reception of him is said, on good authority, to have been cold and chilling. They continued to live together, however, for two months, though, according to Lord Nelson's own statement, not happily, but no separation was contemplated; and it appears, from the following important letter, with which the editor has been favored by Mr. Haslewood, that when it did take place, it was entirely her own act, and that it was wholly unexpected:—

"Kemp Town, Brighton, 13th April, 1846.

"Dear Sir—I was no less surprised than grieved when you told me of a prevailing opinion, that Lord Nelson of his own motion withdrew from the society of his wife, and took up his residence altogether with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that you have never received from any member of his family an intimation to the contrary. His father, his brother, Dr. Nelson, (afterwards Earl Nelson,) his sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, and their husbands, well knew that the separation was unavoidable on Lord Nelson's part; and, as I happened to be present when the unhappy rupture took place, I have often talked over with all of them, but more especially with Mr. and Mrs. Matcham, the particulars which I proceed to relate, in justice to the memory of my illustrious friend, and in the hope of removing an erroneous impression from your mind.

"In the winter of 1800, 1801, I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson, at their lodgings in Arlington street, and a cheerful conversation was

passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said, by "dear Lady Hamilton;" upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair, and exclaimed, with much vehemence, "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Lord Nelson, with perfect calmness, said—"Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you sincerely; but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton, or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration." Without one soothing word or gesture, but muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room, and shortly after drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards. I believe that Lord Nelson took a formal leave of her ladyship before joining the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker; but that, to the day of her husband's glorious death, she never made any apology for her abrupt and ungentle conduct above related, or any overture towards a reconciliation.

"I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,
"W. HASLEWOOD."

"A separation unfortunately ensued, and Sir William Hamilton invited Lord Nelson to become a guest in his house during the remainder of his stay in London. He took his leave of Lady Nelson on the 13th of January, 1801, the day he left London to join the channel fleet; and though his assurance at parting, 'I call God to witness there is nothing in you or your conduct I wish otherwise,' and his kind note to her from Southampton on the same day, left the means of reconciliation open, if, indeed, the note was not written with that object, Lady Nelson never made the slightest effort to recover his affections; nor was it until the 23d of April that he signified his determination to be 'left to himself.' He settled £1200 upon her, which was then half his income; and took care to provide for her by his will in case of his decease. His conduct, however, seems to have been censured by his female friends, for in a letter to Mr. Davison of the 28th of January, he alluded to the coolness of Lady Spencer, adding this simple defence of himself, 'Either as a public or a private man, I wish nothing undone that I have done.'

"From this moment the affection shown him by Sir William and Lady Hamilton knew no bounds, and he seems to have entirely surrendered himself to their friendship and society. Except while he was in the North Sea, they lived constantly together, either at Sir William's house in Piccadilly, or at Merton, or when making tours, or short excursions into the country. Early in March, 1801, he invited them to visit him on board the St. George in Torbay; but Sir William said he was too much occupied in preparing for the sale of his pictures; and as there was a valuable portrait of Lady Hamilton among them, Lord Nelson desired Mr. Davison to buy it, 'for,' he says, 'I could not bear the idea of Sir William's selling his wife's picture.' About September, 1801, he purchased a small house at Merton in Surrey; and it is very remarkable that he should say to Mr. Davison, in October, 1803, that Lady Hamilton 'bought' it, unless he meant (and with which the context seems to agree) that the place was selected for him by her taste.

"Sir William Hamilton died on the 6th of April, 1803, at the age of seventy-two, and Lord Nelson immediately removed to lodgings at No. 19 Piccadilly. Finding that Lady Hamilton was not suf-

ficiently provided for, he settled £1200 upon her; and though she had a house in Clarges street, she made Merton her principal residence. These acts would seem to remove all probable doubt as to the character of their intimacy, were it not for the following considerations."

Sir Nicholas does not, we fear, make out a good case. The latter years of Lady Hamilton may serve for warning, if not for example:—

"Very little remains to be said of Lady Hamilton's history after Lord Nelson's death. Her grief for the event, if not sincere, was loud and ostentatious; and it is due to her to give the annexed letter to Dr. Scott, dated on 7th of September, 1806, as it shows that her intimacy with Lord Nelson's sisters and with the other members of his family still subsisted, and because she speaks of the 'innocency' of her intimacy with Nelson, of his 'virtuous affection' for her, and of 'the love he bore her husband':—

"My dear friend,—I did not get your letter till the other day; for I have been with Mrs. Bolton to visit an old respectable aunt of my dear Nelson's. I shall be in town, that is, at Merton, the end of the week, and I hope you will come there on Saturday, and pass Sunday with me. I want much to see you; consult with you about my affairs. How hard it is, how cruel their treatment to me and Horatia. That angel's last wishes all neglected, not to speak of the fraud that was acted to keep back the codicil; but enough! when we meet we will speak about it. God bless you for all your attentions and love you showed to our virtuous Nelson, and his dear remains; but it seems those that truly loved him are to be victims to hatred, jealousy, and spite. However, we have innocency on our sides, and we have, and had, what they that persecute us never had, that was his unbounded love and esteem, his confidence and affection. I know well how he valued you, and what he would have done for you had he lived. You know the great and virtuous affection he had for me, the love he bore my husband; and if I had any influence over him, I used it for the good of my country. Did I ever keep him at home! Did I not share in his glory! Even this last fatal victory, it was I bid him go forth. Did he not pat me on the back, call me brave Emma, and said, "If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons." Does he not in his last moments do me justice, and request at the moment of his glorious death, that the king and nation will do me justice! And I have got all his letters, and near eight hundred of the Queen of Naples' letters, to show what I did for my king and country; and prettily I am rewarded. *Pshaw*—I am above them, I despise them—for, thank God, I feel that having lived with honor and glory, glory they cannot take from me. I despise them—my soul is above them, and I can yet make some of them tremble, by showing them how he despised them; for in his letters to me he thought aloud. Look at —, courting the man he despised, and neglecting now those whose feet he used to lick. Dirty, vile groveller! But enough till we meet."

This letter was addressed to Dr. Scott, Nelson's chaplain; and until Nelson's death it is either very remarkable or very easily explained, that all his relations and his professional friends, Mr. Davison and Mr. Haslewood, were devoted to his "dear Lady Hamilton." That event produced great change. By his will he had left her and his adopted daughter handsomely provided for; but in

a very short time, about 1807, we are informed by Sir Nicholas that,

"Lady Hamilton's extravagance plunged her into such difficulties, that she was obliged to sell Merton, and, after residing for two years at Richmond, she removed to lodgings in Bond street. There, however, she soon became so much involved as to be compelled to secrete herself from her creditors, with Mrs. Billington, at Fulham; and from thence she placed herself within the rules of the King's Bench at Temple Place. She remained there about a year, and then went to Calais, where she died in great distress, of water on the chest, partly induced by intemperate habits, on the 6th of January, 1814. During her embarrassments her effects, and particularly her papers, became scattered, and great part of the letters were purchased by Mr. Croker in 1817; but the coat in which Lord Nelson fell, some pictures and other valuable articles were assigned to her principal creditor, the late Mr. Alderman Smith.

"Miss Horatia Nelson lived with Lady Hamilton until her decease, and she bears this satisfactory testimony to Lady Hamilton's conduct towards her: 'With all Lady Hamilton's faults—and she had many—she had many fine qualities, which, had she been placed early in better hands, and in different circumstances, would have made her a very superior woman. It is but justice on my part to say that through all her difficulties, she invariably, till the last few months, expended on my education, &c., the whole of the interest of the sum left me by Lord Nelson, and which was left entirely at her control.'"

Nelson's adopted daughter, whom, whether she had any natural claim upon his affection or not, he believed his child, and to whom he was ardently and fondly attached, afterwards lived with different members of his family, and is long since respectably married. Nor will any one think the worse of her heart or understanding for doing the unhappy guardian of her childhood and youth all the justice in her power. To the last hour of his life, Nelson was the dupe of the *hocus-pocus*. There seems to have been another child, an infant, "Emma;" but it conveniently died at nurse when only a few weeks old, and is lamented by Nelson without having been seen. Immediately before the battle of Trafalgar, he addressed a letter to Miss Horatia Thompson, as to his own and fondly-beloved child, solemnly leaving her an acknowledgment of their relationship, and consigning her to the guardianship of Lady Hamilton; and in the memorable codicil to his will, both are bequeathed to the nation. On the child he had settled £4000, and he gave, or meant to give, her nurse an annuity of twenty pounds a year. Very shortly before his death we find Nelson writing in the usual strain:

"Your resemblance is so deeply engraved in my heart, that there it can never be effaced; and, who knows? some day, I may have the happiness of having a living picture of you!" he added, "Everything you tell me about my dear Horatia charms me. I think I see her, hear her, and admire her; but, she is like her dear, dear mother."

"I wish I could but be at dear Merton, to assist in making the alterations. I think I should have persuaded you to have kept the pike, and a clear stream; and to have put all the carp, tench, and fish who muddy the water, into the pond. But, as you like: I am content. Only take care, that my darling does not fall in, and get drowned."

"On the 17th of September, 1805, he says:—

"I entreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up; and we will look forward to many, many happy years; and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment. My heart and soul is with you and Horatia."

"Victory, October 11th, 1805.

"Ah, by beloved Emma, how I envy Sutton going home; his going to Merton and seeing you and Horatia. I do really feel that the twenty-five days I was at Merton, was the very happiest of my life. Would to God they were to be passed over again! But that time will, I trust, soon come, and many, many more days added to them. * * * Kiss dear Horatia a thousand times for your faithful
NELSON AND BRONTE."

"The next time the child is mentioned is in that pathetic letter addressed to her on the 19th of October, 1805, when the combined fleets were coming out of port, and which should not be separated from the other evidence:

"Victory, October 19th, 1805.

"My dearest Angel,—I was made happy by the pleasure of receiving your letter of September 19th, and I rejoice to hear that you are so very good a girl, and love my dear Lady Hamilton, who most dearly loves you. Give her a kiss for me. The combined fleets of the enemy are now reported to be coming out of Cadiz; and therefore I answer your letter, my dearest Horatia, to mark to you that you are ever uppermost in my thoughts. I shall be sure of your prayers for my safety, conquest, and speedy return to dear Merton, and our dearest good Lady Hamilton. Be a good girl, mind what Miss Connor says to you. Receive, my dearest Horatia, the affectionate paternal blessing of your father,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"In the memorable codicil to his will, written with his own hand a few hours before he fell, he thus mentioned her:—

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only."

Sir Nicholas makes out quite satisfactorily that Miss Horatia Thompson was not the child of the sail-maker of the *Elephant*, as was imagined by Sir Thomas Hardy; and with us Lady Hamilton's "express and repeated declarations" go for very little. Having so long said that the child was Nelson's, how was she to unsay it! And an orphan child of Nelson's was something—a foundling, a mysterious or an adopted babe, nothing. The mystery is so very palpable that it is hardly worth dispelling. Nelson, with the fond credulity of a kind and trusting heart, believed the story which Lady Hamilton told him; but how or where she obtained the infant is the only thing requiring explanation. It was placed at nurse, as we have seen, an infant about a week old, in the early part of 1801; and Nelson must have been made to believe that it was born in October, 1800. We wished, at once, to dismiss this perplexing and discreditable story, that nothing might mar the satisfaction with which every patriotic mind must contemplate the final scenes of a life heroic in its progress, and triumphant in its close.

The escape of the French fleet, through the erroneous information of General Brereton, long rankled in Nelson's mind. He had been baffled, and had

watched and followed, and still been unable to encounter the enemy he was confident of beating; while Sir Robert Calder had been more fortunate.

In August, 1805, he joined Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant, and immediately returned to England in the *Victory*; and, on the 18th, was able to write to Spithead, to Mr. Davison.

"You will have felt, I am sure, for all my ill-luck, or rather d—n General Brereton. As I shall see you very soon, I will only say that I am as ever, my dear Davison."

He went immediately to Merton, where he had not long been when information that the combined fleets of France and Spain had put into Cadiz, made him post off to the admiralty, when it was determined that he should resume the command of the Mediterranean fleet. While arrangements were making, in all haste, for his departure, the natural kindness of his disposition was displayed in applications to persons in power for his relatives and *protégés*; and for the comfortable maintenance of his blind sister-in-law, the widow of his brother, Maurice. He was ever kind-hearted, and he knew nothing of the stern justice of the puritans' self-denying ordinance. On the 13th of September he quitted Merton, Lady Hamilton, and Horatia, and, as it proved, forever. This extract from his private diary unfolds his feelings:

"At half-past ten, drove from dear, dear, Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the Great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the Throne of His Mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that he will protect those so dear to me, that I may leave behind. His will be done: Amen, Amen, Amen."

Nelson was accompanied to Portsmouth by Mr. Canning and Mr. Rose. His reception from the people was enthusiastic.

"A crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face: many were in tears and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed: touched with their enthusiasm, he exclaimed, 'I had their huzzas before—I have their hearts now.'"

Another farewell was taken of Lady Hamilton.

"I sent, my own dearest Emma, a letter for you, last night, in a Torbay Boat, and gave the man a guinea to put it in the Post-Office. We have had a nasty blowing night, and it looks very dirty. I am now signaling the Ships at Plymouth to join me: but I rather doubt their ability to get to sea. However, I have got clear of Portland, and have Cawsand Bay and Torbay under the lee. I entreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up; and we will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment. My heart and soul is with you and Horatia. * * * God bless you, my own Emma! I am giving my letters to Blackwood, to put on board the first vessel he meets going to England or Ireland. Once more, heavens bless you! Ever, forever, your
"NELSON AND BRONTE."

The officers of his squadron were as enthusiastic as the crowd at Portsmouth, and he proudly tells,

"I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and, when I came to explain to

them the "*Nelson touch*," it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved—"It was new—it was singular—it was simple!" ; and, from admirals downwards, it was repeated—"It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence." Some may be Judases; but the majority are certainly much pleased with my commanding them." * * * Writing to Mr. Davison, he said, 'Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the fleet to put to sea—every day, hour, and moment; and you may rely that if it is within the power of man to get at them, that it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no man can say exactly; but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and his will be done! I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it.'"

Though Lord Nelson, from temperament, was a man of fancies and presentiments, ever complaining of his feeble health, and anticipating early death, his "shattered frame," all that remained of it, was, by the testimony of his physician, after the hour of his death, found remarkably sound and healthy. His life had been regular and temperate. He took a great deal of exercise, rose very early, and lived for six or seven hours of the twenty-four in the open air.

Nelson had not joined the fleet and watched above a month when the hour came. On the 19th October, it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the enemy's fleet had put to sea; and, having made the proper arrangements for the expected battle, and for his own anticipated death, he wrote his last two letters, one to the object of his infatuated passion, and another to his supposed child, which were found in his desk after his death, and brought to England. It must be with a mixture of tenderest pity and burning indignation that the first of these letters will be perused, when it is remembered that very few years had elapsed before the person to whom it was addressed sold it, with many other effusions of the same fond, credulous, warm, and confiding heart, to a London publisher. It had been less treacherous and base to have sold the remains of the writer to the surgeons for dissection. Nor can the Nelson family be cleared of all blame; for, worthless and heartless as Lady Hamilton was, she must, in all probability, have tried to make terms with them, "her dear friends," correspondents, and intimates as long as Nelson lived—before going to the booksellers. The letter runs thus:—

"My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom. The signal has been made that the enemy's combined fleet are coming out of port. We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of battles crown my endeavors with success; at all events, I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May Heaven bless you prays your

"NELSON AND BRONTË."

We must give Lady Hamilton the benefit of Sir Nicholas' pleading in her behalf; and truly it does not amount to much. He remarks—"The intimacy between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton was perfectly well known to, and entirely approved of by, her husband, who was a man of considerable talent and high character, and very unlikely to connive at his own dishonor. The friendship between Lord Nelson and Sir William Hamilton was as strong as that between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. He was constantly mentioned in their letters, and always with respect and kindness. In a letter from Lady Hamilton to Mrs. Nelson, Dr. Nelson's wife, after speaking in the most exaggerated terms of her grief for Nelson's departure, she says—"God only knows what it is to part with such a friend, such a one! We were truly called the *Tria juncta in uno*—for Sir William, he, and I, have but one heart in three bodies." Sir Nicholas draws other inferences favorable to Lady Hamilton, from Nelson's relations, brothers, sisters-in-law, and nieces, corresponding with her, and visiting and residing in her house, and from Nelson describing her as "a virtuous and religious character," holding her up as an example to his family, intending to make her his wife, and so forth. But it is idle to go further with what only establishes the fact, that Nelson's editor does not perfectly comprehend Nelson's character.

On the 20th October, 1805, the signal for bearing down upon the enemy had been made. Nelson and the British fleet were in full sail. He had ascended, in full uniform, and wearing all his orders, to the poop, to have a view of the two lines formed by the British fleet, and

"While there, gave particular directions for taking down from his cabin the different fixtures, and for being very careful in removing the portrait of Lady Hamilton. 'Take care of my guardian angel,' said he, addressing himself to the persons to be employed in this business. Immediately after this, he quitted the poop, and retired to his cabin for a few minutes."

Here he wrote the memorable prayer, which is more in accordance with the spirit of the Hebrew warriors and conquerors, than with the gospel of Jesus Christ; and added the codicil to his will, which has been mentioned above.

It would be idle to detail the complicated events of the last and greatest of England's naval victories. It is enough to state, that the editor has amply fulfilled his duty by selecting, from an endless variety of sources, the details of the battle and of Nelson's dying hours. He has given, in full, Dr. Beatty's most interesting narrative; the letters of the admirals and captains of the fleet, the logs of the several ships, and the different accounts of the battle written by subsequent naval historians; with the official accounts and newspaper statements, published in France and Spain. It is not surprising that, in the bustle and excitement of the day of Trafalgar, the narratives of eye-witnesses the most trustworthy should vary, or even contradict each other in important particulars. Among the most interesting of the private letters is that of Captain Blackwood, to whom Nelson had been a warm friend, addressed to his wife on the second day after the battle. It is, however, from Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Beatty's narrative that we now glean our account of the bitter "fruits of a victory." It was from the enemy's ship the *Redoubtable* that Lord Nelson received his death wound.

"About fifteen minutes past one o'clock, which was in the heat of the engagement, he was walking the middle of the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the Victory, when the fatal ball was fired from the enemy's mizen-top; which, from the situation of the two ships, (lying on board of each other,) was brought just abaft, and rather below, the Victory's main-yard, and of course not more than fifteen yards distant from that part of the deck where his lordship stood. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck. Captain Hardy, who was on his right, (the side farthest from the enemy,) and advanced some steps before his lordship, on turning round, saw the sergeant-major (Secker) of marines with two seamen raising him from the deck; where he had fallen on the same spot on which, a little before, his secretary had breathed his last, with whose blood his lordship's clothes were much soiled. Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded; to which the gallant chief replied: 'They have done for me at last, Hardy.'—'I hope not,' answered Captain Hardy. 'Yes,' replied his lordship, 'my backbone is shot through.'

"Captain Hardy ordered the seamen to carry the admiral to the cockpit. * * *

"Several wounded officers, and about forty men, were likewise carried to the surgeon for assistance just at this time; and some others had breathed their last during their conveyance below. Among the latter were Lieutenant William Andrew Ram, and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk. The surgeon had just examined these two officers, and found that they were dead, when his attention was arrested by several of the wounded calling to him, 'Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here; Mr. Beatty, the admiral is wounded.' The surgeon now, on looking round, saw the handkerchief fall from his lordship's face; when the stars on his coat, which also had been covered by it, appeared. Mr. Burke, the purser, and the surgeon, ran immediately to the assistance of his lordship, and took him from the arms of the seamen who had carried him below. In conveying him to one of the midshipmen's berths, they stumbled, but recovered themselves without falling. Lord Nelson then inquired who were supporting him; and when the surgeon informed him, his lordship replied, 'Ah, Mr. Beatty! you can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live; my back is shot through.' The surgeon said 'he hoped the wound was not so dangerous as his lordship imagined, and that he might still survive long to enjoy his glorious victory.' The Rev. Dr. Scott, who had been absent in another part of the cockpit administering lemonade to the wounded, now came instantly to his lordship; and in his anguish of grief wrung his hands, and said: 'Alas, Beatty, how prophetic you were!' alluding to the apprehensions expressed by the surgeon for his lordship's safety previous to the battle.

"His lordship was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. While this was effecting, he said to Dr. Scott, 'Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone;' and after a short pause he added in a low voice, 'I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country.' The surgeon then examined the wound, assuring his lordship that he would not put him to much pain in endeavoring to discover the course of the ball; which he soon found had penetrated deep into the chest, and had prob-

ably lodged in the spine. This being explained to his lordship, he replied, 'he was confident his back was shot through.' The back was then examined externally, but without any injury being perceived; on which his lordship was requested by the surgeon to make him acquainted with all his sensations. He replied, that 'he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast: that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body: and that his breathing was difficult, and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck; for,' said he, 'I felt it break my back.' These symptoms, but more particularly the gush of blood which his lordship complained of, together with the state of his pulse, indicated to the surgeon the hopeless situation of the case; but till after the victory was ascertained and announced to his lordship, the true nature of his wound was concealed by the surgeon from all on board except only Captain Hardy, Doctor Scott, Mr. Burke, and Messrs. Smith and Westenburg, the assistant surgeons.

"The Victory's crew cheered whenever they observed an enemy's ship surrender. On one of these occasions, Lord Nelson anxiously inquired what was the cause of it; when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded at some distance from his lordship, raised himself up, and told him that another ship had struck; which appeared to give him much satisfaction. He now felt an ardent thirst; and frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, making use of these words: 'fan, fan,' and 'drink, drink.' This he continued to repeat, when he wished for drink or the refreshment of cool air, till a very few minutes before he expired. Lemonade, and wine and water, were given to him occasionally. He evinced great solicitude for the event of the battle, and fears for the safety of his friend, Captain Hardy. * * *

"An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time of his lordship's being wounded, before Captain Hardy's first subsequent interview with him; the particulars of which are nearly as follow. They shook hands affectionately, and Lord Nelson said: 'Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?'—'Very well, my lord,' replied Captain Hardy: 'we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.'—'I hope,' said his lordship, 'none of our ships have struck, Hardy.'—'No, my lord,' replied Captain Hardy; 'there is no fear of that.' Lord Nelson then said: 'I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Mr. Burke was about to withdraw at the commencement of this conversation; but his lordship, perceiving his intention, desired he would remain. Captain Hardy observed, that 'he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.'—'Oh! no,' answered his lordship; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then returned on deck, and at parting shook hands again with his revered friend and commander.

"His lordship now requested the surgeon, who had been previously absent a short time attending Mr. Rivers, to return to the wounded, and give his assistance to such of them as he could be useful

to; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' The surgeon assured him that the assistant surgeons were doing everything that could be effected for those unfortunate men; but on his lordship's several times repeating his injunctions to that purpose, he left him, surrounded by Doctor Scott, Mr. Burke, and two of his lordship's domestics."

"Clarke and M'Arthur state, in addition to these particulars of Lord Nelson's death, that 'A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by: Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, reprimanded the man for not having more humanity.' And James says, that 'When the Victory opened her larboard guns on Dumanoir's squadron, the concussion of the firing so affected Lord Nelson, that apostrophizing his ship he called out, 'Oh! Victory, Victory, how you distract my poor brain!' Then adding, after a short pause, 'How dear is life to all men!'"

Shortly afterward, he said to the surgeon, "You know I am gone."

"Drink was recommended liberally, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke fanned him with paper. He often exclaimed, 'God be praised, I have done my duty;' and upon the surgeon's inquiring whether his pain was still very great he declared, 'it continued so very severe, that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer, too;' and after a pause of a few minutes, he added in the same tone, 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' * * * Captain Hardy now came to the cockpit to see his lordship a second time, which was after an interval of about fifty minutes from the conclusion of his first visit. Before he quitted the deck, he sent Lieutenant Hills to acquaint Admiral Collingwood with the lamentable circumstance of Lord Nelson's being wounded.—Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands again: and while the captain retained his lordship's hand, he congratulated him, even in the arms of death, on his brilliant victory; 'which,' said he, 'was complete; though he did not know how many of the enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every ship distinctly. He was certain, however, of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered.' His lordship answered, 'That is well, but I bargained for twenty;' and then emphatically exclaimed, 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' To this the captain replied: 'I suppose, my lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.'—'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!' cried the dying chief; and at that moment endeavored ineffectually to raise himself from the bed. 'No,' added he; 'do you anchor, Hardy.' Captain Hardy then said: 'Shall we make the signal, sir?'—'Yes,' answered his lordship, 'for if I live, I'll anchor.' The energetic manner in which he uttered these his last orders to Captain Hardy, accompanied with his efforts to raise himself, evinced his determination never to resign the command while he retained the exercise of his transcendent faculties, and that he expected Captain Hardy still to carry into effect the suggestions of his exalted mind; a sense of his duty overcoming the pains of death. He then told Captain Hardy, 'he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more;' adding in a low tone, 'Don't throw me overboard, Hardy.' The captain answered: 'Oh! no, certainly not.'—'Then,' replied his lordship, 'you know what to do: and,' continued he, 'take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.' * * *

'Lord Nelson desired his steward to turn him upon his right side; which being effected, his lordship said: 'I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone.' He afterwards became very low; his breathing was oppressed, and his voice faint. He said to Doctor Scott, 'Doctor, I have not been a great sinner;' and after a short pause, 'Remember, that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country: and,' added he, 'never forget Horatia.' His thirst now increased; and he called for 'drink, drink,' 'fan, fan,' and 'rub, rub,' addressing himself in the last case to Doctor Scott, who had been rubbing his lordship's breast with his hand, from which he found some relief. * * *

"His Lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke, who had all along sustained the bed under his shoulders, (which raised him in nearly a semi-recumbent posture, the only one that was supportable to him,) forbore to disturb him by speaking to him; and when he had remained speechless about five minutes, his lordship's steward went to the surgeon, who had been a short time occupied with the wounded in another part of the cockpit, and stated his apprehensions that his lordship was dying. The surgeon immediately repaired to him, and found him on the verge of dissolution. He knelt down by his side, and took up his hand; which was cold, and the pulse gone from the wrist. On the surgeon's feeling his forehead, which was likewise cold, his lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again. The surgeon again left him, and returned to the wounded who required his assistance; but was not absent five minutes before the steward announced to him that 'he believed his lordship had expired.' The surgeon returned, and found that the report was but too well founded: his lordship had breathed his last, at thirty minutes past four o'clock; at which period Doctor Scott was in the act of rubbing his lordship's breast, and Mr. Burke supporting the bed under his shoulders."

England had lost the greatest of her naval commanders, and the only one of the number in whom were united the bold, chivalrous spirit of the northern sea-king, with the consummate skill of the modern tactician.

The work concludes with copious Addenda, consisting of original letters of Nelson, received from many quarters during its progress through the press; so that, in all, about three thousand five hundred of the letters of Nelson, which, with the exception of comparatively a few, had not before seen the light, have been given to the public. Sir Nicholas congratulates himself on his plan of making Nelson himself tell his own history in his daily correspondence; and asks "if this does not redound more to the honor of Nelson's heart, and show the beautiful simplicity and integrity of his private character, in a far higher degree than all the eulogies ever composed on his merits; reflecting lustre even upon his matchless virtues." Whatever the true response may strictly be, it may safely be affirmed that few characters, very few human hearts so nakedly exposed, would, we fear, better endure rigid scrutiny. Even for what must be reckoned the worst of Nelson's errors, the most pitiable of his weaknesses, the apology beautifully urged by Fox for Charles II.—who, in his dying hours, redeemed some of his worst vices by the tender anxiety which he showed for the welfare of his profligate mistress—may be pleaded for Nelson.

AN IMPORTATION.

WE have just received a somewhat unexpected present from the United States—a reprint of the first part of "CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," purporting to be published by C. B. Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia. Over the re-publication of this work in America we of course have no control, nor shall we reap any advantage from it, if successful. This, however, is not the point.

The original edition of the Information for the People, published by us in Edinburgh, was issued at 12s. 9d.; the imitative edition, now issued in Philadelphia, we observe is to cost 18s. 9d.; being an addition of 6s. to the price, or an advance of 30 per cent., without the slightest countervailing advantage as to paper and print. Were we permitted to land our goods in the United States free of the custom-house duty, which is 30 per cent., we should be enabled to sell the book in question at precisely the same price in New York or Philadelphia as we charge it in London—the cost of transit across the Atlantic being too small on large quantities to make any difference worth speaking of. This custom-house duty on books the Americans levy on the plea of protecting native industry; and the duty on low-priced books such as ours, has the effect pretty nearly of an entire prohibition; the trade is so hampered that it is not worth carrying it on. What is, practically, the consequence? The American publishers, having no fear of competition before their eyes, lay 30 per cent. on our productions. In all probability 20,000 copies of the Information for the People will be sold in the States; and thus 20,000 persons will each have to pay 6s. more for a copy of that work than they need have done had we been suffered to supply them. Or, to put the proposition in another shape; the country at large will be called on to contribute £6000 in order to support Messrs. Zeiber and Company's monopoly. This £6000 may be a very good thing for these publishers, but is there any imperative necessity for taxing the whole nation for their special advantage? Would the nation not be better off if each of the 20,000 persons so taxed was to keep his 6s. in his pocket to pay for other things—necessaries or luxuries—which he might require?

Another equally instructive example may be taken. The Americans have for years reprinted the present Journal for circulation in the United States; the charge made for each copy being equal to twopence-halfpenny, or a penny more than the price of the original. The impression, we are told, is 5000 copies, and therefore purchasers may be said to be mulcted of 5000 pence, or £20 weekly, merely to support the establishment of a New York printer.

In these small affairs we have a fine example of the manner in which protective duties usually operate—a nation at large taxed to benefit one or two individuals! Slightly altering the language of Jun-

ius, we may truly say that "protection is the madness of many for the gain of a few." Possibly the people of the United States imagine that they are doing a very commendable thing in excluding our works, and the works of other British writers, from their market, in order to foster native printing; but let them clearly understand that the practice, however patriotic-looking in theory, is not less to our loss than it is to their own pecuniary detriment.

It thus appears that, irrespective of any law of international copyright, British publishers could beat all and sundry as to price in the American market, provided the American and British legislatures would remove the duties which press on production and sale. Our paper is subjected to an excise duty of three-halfpence per pound weight, which seriously impairs any prospective advantage from literary enterprise; and this should be removed. The American import duty of 30 per cent. ought, in reason, also to be abolished. It is gratifying to know that the latter duty is at least soon to be lowered to 10 per cent., according to the lately revised tariff. That the reduction, partial as it is, will tend to open the American ports to English books, is evidenced by the fact of several booksellers from the States having already made arrangements to get supplies from London and Edinburgh. One bookseller in Baltimore, with special reference to the revised tariff, arranged, a few weeks ago, to take from us in future a quantity of our Journal weekly, besides sundry other works. Here, then, may be said to be the commencement of a new trade. Until the 30 per cent. is lowered to 10, not a sheet of our Journal will reach Baltimore; and so far the duty as it stands is a barrier to importation, as well as to the general circulation of the work in America. The lowering to 10 per cent., as has been shown, will do something; but not till the whole duty is removed will there be a large and wholesome intercourse; and till then, the American publishers will possess, to a certain degree, a monopoly adverse alike to the interests of the people of the United States, and to the proprietors of the works which are there reprinted.

Since writing the foregoing, the post has brought us from Paris the prospectus of a translation of the work referred to, to be entitled, "INSTRUCTION POUR LE PEUPLE." This work, it appears, is to extend, like our own, to a hundred sheets of treatises; but the price is to be 25 centimes, or 2½d. each, instead of 1½d.; the cost of the entire book in French, therefore, will be £1, 0s. 10d., or nearly double what is charged by us for the original. It is not without gratification that we allude to this fact. Patentees and proprietors of copyrights usually ask monopoly prices. In the present instance the reverse is the case. The original edition of the work, copyright as it is, is greatly cheaper than either of its imitations; and fiscal arrangements alone interpose to prevent our giving foreign nations the benefit of this cheapness.—*Chambers' Journal*.

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